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FAME AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

TAKING BIG CHANCES

OR THE BOY WHO SAVED A TOWN

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Despite the yells of the horrified spectators, he steered his galloping horse straight for the burning bridge. Into the covered structure he dashed. It was like the infernal regions, hot, with flame and stifling with smoke. A groan escaped his friends.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1923

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TAKING BIG CHANCES

OR, THE BOY WHO SAVED A TOWN

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Dick Barnett and Caleb Hazard.

"You kin git, d'ye understand?"

"What do you mean, uncle?" faltered Dick Barnett.

"Jest what I say. I don't want you around here any more. You're lazy. You ain't worth your salt. The only thing you're good for is to eat. You kin do that to perfection. Well, I can't afford to keep boarders, so you kin get, and the sooner you do the better I'll like it."

Caleb Hazard, a lean and scraggy-looking man of sixty odd years, who had the reputation of being a miser, though he swore time and again that he wasn't worth a cent, glowered across the breakfast table at his nephew, a bright, good-looking boy, but sadly in need of a decent suit of clothes. Hazard and the boy who called him uncle, though there really was no blood relationship between them, lived together in a miserable-looking, unpainted cottage on the suburbs of Bransfield, a small Western town.

So far as appearances went they were very poor. Dick went barefooted most of the year because the old man took away the only pair of shoes he had and locked them up as soon as the frost was out of the ground, on the plea that shoes were expensive, and would last longer if they weren't used all the year around. Dick's attire finally got to be so disreputable that his employer, the owner of a small general store, told him he'd have to get a better suit or quit.

The boy passed this ultimatum on to his uncle, hoping it would result in an improvement of his personal appearance, for Dick had some pride in that respect even if Mr. Hazard was wanting in it. The old man did not receive the storekeeper's criticisms favorably. He told Dick his clothes were good enough, in his opinion, and that he couldn't afford to buy him a new suit. The result was Dick lost his situation.

Caleb Hazard was furious at the loss of the three dollars income, which looked as big as a mountain to him, and he laid all the blame on Dick. The boy expostulated, but he might as well have tried to empty the Great Lakes of their water with a thimble as to convince the old man that the

fault lay with his tattered garments. Caleb Hazard simply wouldn't see it in that light.

After passing an unsatisfactory night's repose in his attic room, Dick came down on Sunday to find his uncle in a worse humor than ever. The one-sided quarrel was renewed over the meager breakfast, and finally brought to a conclusion by the old man telling the boy to get out.

"Then you don't want me to live with you any more?" said Dick.

"No, I don't," snapped the old man.

"When my father died, didn't he leave you some money for me?"

"He didn't leave you nothin'. Who told you that he did?" asked Caleb Hazard with an uneasy look in his gooseberry colored eyes.

"He told me that he left a farm in Pennsylvania to you to take care of for me."

"Well, it ain't so. That there farm belongs to me. But it ain't no good anyway. Nothin' 'll grow on it, and it's 'most eat up with taxes."

"My father wouldn't tell a lie," persisted Dick, who respected his father's memory.

"Your father didn't know what he was talkin' about. He didn't own nothin'. If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have had a roof over your head this three years back, nor nothin' to eat. Now you show your gratitude by losin' your job. Well, you kin look out for yourself after this. I'm done with you."

Dick quietly gathered up the dishes, carried them over to the sink, and emptying the kettle that stood on the stove of its hot water into the pan, began to wash the few crockery plates, at the same time keeping an eye on the old man's movements. In a few minutes Caleb Hazard went outside and sat down in an old chair on the creaky old porch. It was a fine morning, early in June, and the warm sunshine flooded the face of nature. A Sabbath stillness rested on the air. When Dick had finished with the dishes he tiptoed over to the open door and glanced out on the porch. The old man seemed to be dozing in the sunlight.

"Now is my chance," thought the boy.

His object was to creep upstairs to Mr. Hazard's room, unlock the closet where his shoes were hidden away, provided he could find the key, and take possession of them. Dick lost no time in get-

ting about the job, for there was no telling when the old man might wake up and come upstairs himself. He darted out of the kitchen into the entry where the staircase was and nimbly flew up the steps. There were only two rooms on the upper floor—the front one occupied by Mr. Hazard, and the rear one used by himself. A door opened from the landing into each. Neither was ever locked.

Such a precaution as regarded his own room had never occurred to the old man, as he was always around the house, and as a general thing it would be hard for any one to enter his miserable apartment without him becoming aware of the fact. As soon as Dick reached the landing he paused to listen. All was still below.

"It won't take me more than a minute if the closet isn't locked," he breathed, and thus encouraged he opened the door of the front room and entered. He slipped over to the closet and tried the door. To his great disappointment it was locked and the key was absent.

"I'd break it open if I had something to do it with. Those shoes are mine and I want them."

He glanced hurried around the room. His eye lighted on an old rusty chisel lying on the windowsill.

"That will be just the thing. I can pry the door open with it."

Securing the instrument he began an attack on the door, whose lock was of the most ordinary kind. An expert would have had the door open in about half a minute. Dick, however, found some difficulty in mastering the job, particularly as he was afraid to make much noise.

Unfortunately his interest in the operation caused him to forget the possibility of the sudden and unheralded approach of Caleb Hazard. The old man woke up directly after Dick left the kitchen, for it was a catnap he had indulged in. Not seeing the boy downstairs he started upstairs to see what he was doing. He first looked in Dick's room, and as his nephew wasn't there he thought maybe he'd left the house as he had been told to do. He was about to return downstairs when his sharp eye noticed that the door of his own room was ajar. This struck him as a suspicious circumstance. He pushed the door open and looked in. Of course he couldn't fail to observe what the boy was up to. With a scream of rage he sprang at Dick and seized him by the arm.

"You young thief!" he roared. "That's what you're up to, is it? Tryin' to rob me. You shall go to jail as sure as my name is Caleb Hazard."

CHAPTER II.—Clem Hazard.

Caleb Hazard was strong and sinewy in spite of his years and apparently feeble appearance. His anger also lent additional strength to his long, thin arms. Dick was taken by surprise, and before he made any attempt to ward off the attack his uncle got a strangle hold on his throat. Then the boy woke up to the seriousness of his position and tried to shake the old man off.

Dick was strong and supple, and capable of putting up a good fight, but Caleb had all the advantage on his side. A desperate struggle en-

sued between them. The lad managed to get the old man down on the bed, and then planted his knee in his stomach. Gasping for breath, he seized Caleb's two wrists and tried to release his throat. Finding that impossible, he grasped the old man's long chin beard and pulled at it.

"Let go!" howled Caleb, his features working from the pain, for it seemed to him as if each particular hair was being dragged out by its roots.

For all that he did not release his grip on Dick's throat. If anything, he tightened his hold. The boy felt he was choking, and that fact rendered him desperate. In a moment or two he believed he would be unconscious. Releasing his uncle's beard he seized the old man by the neck, raised him from the bed and banged his head with all his strength against the wooden bedpost. Caleb Hazard was half stunned and his fingers partially relaxed their hold on the boy's throat. With his last remaining strength Dick tore the fingers away, staggered toward the open doorway and then pitched forward on the floor unconscious. The old man himself lay inert partly on the bed and partly on the floor.

Such was the peculiar tableau that greeted the eyes of a stalwart, thick-set man of perhaps forty-two, who, after knocking at the door downstairs and receiving no answer, had taken the liberty to walk in and, finding the lower rooms vacant, to walk upstairs.

"Humph!" he muttered. "What's happened? The old man and the kid knocked out. Has somebody been lootin' the house? I hope not, for it would be the end of my expectations, and I'm deuced hard up."

He glanced rapidly around the room with the eye of one accustomed to take in the smallest detail at a glance.

"No signs of a—yes, there is. Here's a chisel. It's been used on the closet door. The door is still fast. The fellow must have been frightened off by the old man and the boy, and left the job undone. Good. He knocked them both out, though. It's a wonder, then, he didn't make a finish of the job. I should have done so if I'd have been in his shoes. Well," drawing in a long breath, as if struck by a sudden thought, "why shouldn't I finish what he began now that the chance is mine? It will save a whole lot of argument. The old man never could see things in the same light as I did. There's no doubt in my mind that he has money stowed away somewhere. And who has more right to it than me—his son and heir? If I take it now I'm only anticipating the time, that's all," with a dry laugh.

Clem Hazard, for that was his name, and he was the only and graceless son of old Caleb, glanced sharply at the two senseless figures in order to assure himself that he had nothing to fear from them. Then he turned his attention to the closet. With the aid of the tool it took him scarcely more than a moment to release the lock and open the door. The closet was full of clothes and various odds and ends, but the only thing that took the intruder's eye was the old-fashioned iron box that he exposed to the light when he pulled a layer of rag carpet away from it. There was a large key-hole in one end of the cover and a heavy handle to lift it up by alongside of it.

"Just as I suspected," muttered the man, with a

growl of satisfaction. "He has got money, and it's in this box. Well, I intend to help myself. I suppose the key is in his pocket."

Approaching his aged father, Clem Hazard deftly inserted one of his hands into his trousers pocket. The key was not in that pocket. Nor indeed was it anywhere about the old man's person, although his son went through him with the expertness of a professional pickpocket.

"The sly old codger. He keeps it hidden somewhere. Now where is a likely place for him to keep it?" mused Clem, reflectively.

As his sharp eye took in the room, Caleb moved uneasily and then opened his eyes. They rested at once upon the husky form of his son. At first he did not recognize him. The presence of an intruder, however, seemed a warning of danger. With a guttural cry he pulled himself together and sat up. Clem uttered a low imprecation at his discovery, and then regarded him with a sarcastic and not over filial expression.

"How are you, dad?" he grinned. "Thought I'd drop in and see you, seein' as we haven't met for several years."

"Clem!" gurgled Caleb Hazard, rubbing his eyes in some surprise.

There was no welcoming light in them, though. No indication that the fatted calf awaited the return of the prodigal. On the contrary, Caleb was not particularly pleased to see his only son.

Clem had never been a source of comfort and gratification to him. Clem had always been a bad, wayward chap, who had given his father lots of trouble in the raising, and who had gone from bad to worse as soon as he shook off the parental apron-string. Whether the boy inherited his evil propensities, or bad company had brought about his lapse from virtue, certain it is that Clem preferred to travel the broad and easy road that ministers say leads to perdition. He had been in the hands of the police a number of times and knew about all there was to know about the internal economy of not only the House of Correction, but the State prison. His unlovely countenance occupied a niche in the Rogues' Gallery of three cities, and his record on file at Headquarters would have compared well with that of many a hardened crook.

From which it may be inferred that he was fairly well hardened himself. At any rate, the detectives considered him no spring chicken. Such was the only living blood relative of Caleb Hazard. Under the circumstances it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he was not a welcome visitor at his father's home, such as that home was.

"Yes, it's me all right," said Clem. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

Caleb didn't say whether he was or not. It is quite possible that he entertained a certain fear of his son, knowing what he was, and did not care to arouse his ill will.

"When did you come?" asked the old man.

Then his eye noticed the open closet door. With a cry he sprang from the bed and slammed it shut. The lock, however, wouldn't catch, and so Caleb remained standing with his back against it.

"I only just come," said Clem, with a smothered chuckle at his father's trepidation. "I saw you and the kid stretched out, apparently dead to the

world, and I thought maybe somebody had been robbin' you."

"It would only be a waste of time," mumbled the old man, "for I ain't got nothin'."

"Ain't you?" chuckled Clem again. "What do you keep in that iron box in the closet?"

"Nothin' that's worth anythin' to any one but myself," replied Caleb, nervously.

"I thought maybe you kept your money there," grinned Clem.

"Money!" gasped his father. "I'm so poor that I don't get half enough to eat."

"Well, you look it, old man," replied his son, unsympathetically. "I'm all out of rhino myself. So I thought I'd drop in on you, seein' I was in the neighborhood, and ask you to stump up a bit of the long green."

"I haven't got a dollar, Clem," whined his father, plaintively.

"Maybe you've got somethin' in your iron box I could raise the wind on. Give me the key, old man, and I'll save you the trouble of openin' it."

"No, no," protested Caleb. "There's nothin' in it that's worth a dollar."

While they were speak Dick Barnett began to show signs of returning vitality. At first it was only his fingers that commenced to twitch. Then he groaned a bit, so low that the other two did not hear him, opened his eyes and finally sat up. Caleb noticed his return to life, and under the new conditions was rather glad of the fact. As Dick scrambled to his feet, and felt of his throat, which was pretty sore, Clem turned around and looked at him.

"Hello, young fellow, I see you've woke up," he said, jocosely.

Dick had only seen Clem Hazard once, and that was three years since, and his recollection did not serve to identify the rascal. Consequently he wondered who this man was. He remembered that Caleb Hazard, in his first rage, had threatened to put him in jail for monkeying with the closet. Maybe this was one of the town constables that the old man had called in to carry out his purpose.

Dick had a strong objection to going to jail, particularly when he did not feel that he deserved such a fate. The open door at his elbow suggested a way out of the difficulty. Without stopping to find out whether his suspicions were correct or not, Dick sprang through the doorway, scurried down the stairs, dashed from the front door, and ran up the road in a direction away from the town as hard as he could go.

CHAPTER III.—Dick Barnett Saves Nellie Warren.

Dick ran without looking behind until he was out of breath, then he was obliged to slow down. Looking back the long, dusty road he saw that no one was in sight. He breathed easier.

"If that was a constable, he didn't bother chasing me," said the boy with a feeling of satisfaction. "Well, I'm out on the world and I didn't get my shoes, after all. I'll have to do without them now. Perhaps I can get a job in Cobleskill." That was the name of a small town several miles

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west of Bransfield and toward which Dick was headed, "and then I'll be able to get myself a pair, and some decent clothes as well. I'm afraid, though, that my present appearance will prevent anybody hiring me. Maybe some farmer might. The busy season is coming on, and I'll work cheap."

After walking a mile further he sat down on a stone to rest. Dick's position was not an enviable one. He was homeless and half clothed. Where he would get his next meal he had not the faintest idea. But he was not discouraged. He experienced a sense of relief at having cut loose from Caleb Hazard, who had treated him little better than a dog since he came to live with him three years before. He had left nothing behind him that he had any interest in except his father's grave in the Bransfield cemetery. He was now in a position to seek his own fortune, and he meant to do it.

Although very young, there was an ambitious feeling in his nature that was beginning to make itself felt. At any rate, he had the advantage of a rugged constitution and youth, and to such a boy all things are possible in this great progressive country. The Sunday morning sunshine and the flower-laden breeze blowing across the meadows invigorated him, and the world did not look so very dark just then. While he was considering the problems that faced him, he was aroused by the rapid patter of a horse's hoofs around the turn of the road ahead. Mingled with this were the frightened cries of a girl.

"Hello, what's up?" exclaimed Dick, springing from the stone and looking up the road.

A black horse, bearing a girl that was clinging to his mane with one hand and to the bridle with the other, the breakage of a girth having displaced the saddle, came into view a short distance away. The girl was about twelve years of age, and her position was one of considerable danger.

Dick saw that the horse was running away with its fair rider, and that unless the animal was stopped in its wild career, something serious was liable to happen. He had often seen men jump out into the middle of the street and by waving their hands and hats bring a runaway to a stop. He decided to adopt that means on the present occasion, as it was the only plan that was available. Accordingly whipping off his hat he sprang into the center of the road and tried to head the horse off. The animal saw him plainly enough and tried to avoid him by shying to one side of the road and then the other.

Dick's nimble feet kept pace with his movements, but the horse finally made a dive almost at him. The boy sprang back far enough to avoid being run down, but had the presence of mind to grab the bridle and cling to it. He was carried off his feet and dragged along a good many yards, but his weight so disconcerted the animal that he lost headway and gradually was brought to a full stop. During the maneuver the girl had hard work to hold on. She was in a fainting condition when the horse stopped, and would have fallen to the road if Dick, seeing her condition, hadn't caught her in his arms. The girl lay quite inert in his embrace with closed eyes, breathing faintly, and Dick thought she was unconscious. He carried her to the side of the road and laid

her down on the grass. A few yards away a little brook flowed under a culvert.

Dick dented the crown of his soft hat and fetched some water with which he bathed her face. She opened her eyes right away and looked wonderingly into his countenance. Then her gaze wandered to her horse, which had recovered from its fright and was contentedly nibbling the grass close by.

"Did you stop Prince?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," answered Dick.

"Did I fall off?"

"I caught you just as you were falling," replied the boy, a bit shyly, for he was conscious that the fair equestrienne was an uncommonly charming little fairy.

"You are a brave boy, and I am very much obliged to you."

"I did the best I could, miss."

"I think you saved my life, for Prince was frightened by an automobile which crossed the road, and was running away with me. The saddle girth broke and I could do nothing but cling on his back as best I could. I couldn't have held on any longer. I saw you jump out into the road and wave your hat and arms, and then it seemed as if everything was growing black around me, and I was slipping to the ground. What is your name? Mine is Nellie Warren."

"Dick Barnett."

"I live at Cobleskill. My father owns the Cobleskill Wagon Works, and the bank."

Dick believed her, for she was attired in a swell little dark-blue riding habit, had diamond earrings in her ears, and a diamond ring on one finger.

"Your father must be rich," he said, regarding her with more respect and awe than ever.

"He is. We live in a fine house in the best part of the town. You must come and see me. My father will want to thank you."

He didn't doubt that the servants would throw him out into the street. Why should such a lovely fairy invite a bundle of rags like himself to her home? It was ridiculous.

"Where do you live?" she asked as he stood rather abashed before her.

"Nowhere," he blurted, growing red in the face as he made the candid admission.

"Nowhere?" she replied, opening her pretty eyes in surprise.

"Nowhere," answered Dick, almost doggedly.

"Haven't you any home?"

"No, miss. Not since this morning."

"Are you running away?" she asked, pursing up her lips as if she didn't quite approve of such a course.

"No, miss. I was driven away."

"What have you been doing? You are not a bad boy, are you? You don't look like one. I hope not, for I like you and am very grateful to you for what you have done for me."

"How can you like a ragged boy like me? I haven't got even a jacket, or shoes or stockings."

"I thought you must be poor, that's all. That would make no difference with me. My father would buy you plenty of clothes, and everything you needed. I am sure you would be quite a handsome boy if you were dressed up."

Dick blushed as she said that. He never wished

for a good suit of clothes more than at that moment, for he yearned to stand well in this little girl's opinion.

"Tell me why you were driven away from your home?" she asked, curiously.

She pointed to a spot on the grass close beside her as an invitation for him to sit down. With some diffidence he sat down near her. Then he told her how he had not always been so disreputable-looking. How when his father was alive he remembered that he looked like the other boys of Bransfield who were his companions and schoolmates. But with his father's death everything had changed for the worse with him. He had gone to live with Caleb Hazard on the supposition that he would be brought up the same as before. But he wasn't.

Then Caleb put him to work in the general store on the suburbs and took his wages every Saturday night. But he wouldn't provide him with clothes, nor half enough to eat. He had been discharged Saturday night because the storekeeper said he could not afford to keep him around the store while he looked like a scarecrow. Caleb got angry because he lost his job, and told him to get out, as he wouldn't have him around the house any more.

Then he told her how he had tried to get his shoes that morning, which the old man kept locked up in his room. How Caleb had caught him trying to force the door of the closet with a chisel and had made a vicious attack on him, choking him into insensibility. And when he recovered he left the house immediately as fast as he could, fearing that Mr. Hazard intended to have him arrested. Nellie listened to his story intently, and her big blue eyes expressed the sympathy she felt for him, and also the interest he excited in her.

"So you haven't any place to go, have you?"

"No," he admitted.

"Then you must come home with me," she said, earnestly. "My father will be glad to help you. He'll give you a place in the factory, or in the bank."

"I can't go with you looking this way," he replied.

"Oh, but you must," she insisted.

"No," he answered, shaking his head decidedly. "This is Sunday, and everybody is dressed up today. I look like a scarecrow, as the storekeeper said. I'd be made fun of, and, besides, you'd be ashamed to be seen with me in your company."

"No, I wouldn't," said the little beauty, almost imperiously.

"It wouldn't be the right thing at any rate," he said. "Tell me where you live and I will call there to-morrow and ask for you. But you must tell the servants that you expect me or they won't let me see you, and will put me out."

"But where will you stay to-day? Have you any money?"

Dick shook his head. She immediately put her hand in her pocket and drew out her purse.

"Take this and use the money for a night's lodging and something to eat. Then call and see me to-morrow morning. We live on the corner of Main street and Lincoln avenue. It's a big house, with an observatory on top. Anybody you meet will direct you to it. Or you can call at the

Cobleskill Bank, on Main street, near the post-office, and ask for my father. He will expect you when I tell him how you saved my life. He will buy you new clothes right away, and give you a position so that you will be able to support yourself. Then you must call and see me quite often. I shall always be glad to see you, and I am sure we will become good friends."

"I am very much obliged to you, miss," replied Dick, gratefully, feeling as if a new and happy existence was opening before him.

"You mustn't feel obliged to me," she said with a smile. "It is I who feel obliged to you. Now, I must be riding back to town. You will surely call either at our house or at the bank to-morrow morning. You promise?"

"Yes, miss," and so it was decided.

After fixing the saddle girth so the saddle would hold, Dick assisted the charming little equestrienne to mount.

"Good-by," she said, offering him her gloved hand. "Remember I shall expect to see you to-morrow morning."

Then she touched Prince with her light whip and the horse darted off with her. Dick stood in the middle of the road and watched her gallop up the road. As she rounded the turn she looked back and waved her whip at him. Then she vanished from his sight, and Dick went back to the stone, wondering if the lovely vision and the interview had been only a dream, or whether he really was on the eve of a new life that meant so much to him.

CHAPTER IV.—The Four Faces.

After a while Dick resumed his walk and continued on till he came in sight of the distant church spires of Cobleskill. Besides a certain diffidence he felt of showing himself in the town on the Sabbath in his present disreputable condition, he knew it would avail him little to go there on a day when all work was at a standstill. He was feeling almost ravenously hungry by this time. His breakfast had been even sparer than usual that morning, and the long walk had done the rest.

"I must have something to eat," he told himself. "I'm hungry enough to make a meal off a lot of ten-penny nails if there was any nourishment in them. The question is where will I get a dinner? I don't believe any restaurant in town would let me in, unless it was to the kitchen. Fortunately I have the money to pay for what I want. Let me see how much is in the purse that Miss Warren gave me."

He drew it from his pocket and examined the contents. There was a \$2 bill and some loose silver.

"That will carry me through till to-morrow all right," he mused. "I don't know what I should have done without it. It was a lucky thing that I was on hand to save the girl from a bad fall—lucky for both of us. Her foot might have caught in the saddle and then she'd have been dragged along and killed. I guess I've earned the money. There's a farm-house yonder. I think I'll go there and see if I can get a meal. I don't believe I'll be refused when I show that I'm able to pay."

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Accordingly he walked on till he came to the lane leading to the house. He opened the gate, let himself in and walked up to the back door. A woman came out with a pan of dirty water which she threw on the ground. Then she looked at Dick with some curiosity.

"Good-day, ma'am," said Dick, politely, removing his hat and holding it in his hand.

"Well?" she asked.

"Could I get something to eat here, ma'am? I'm able to pay you for my dinner."

From his appearance he didn't look as if he could pay for anything. His frank, open countenance and his politeness, however, had their effect on the woman, and she said:

"I can give you something to eat, and I shan't charge you anything for it, for you don't look as if you could afford to pay. Where are you from?"

"Bransfield, ma'am."

"You're not running away from your home, are you?" she said, almost severely.

"No, ma'am. I have no home. I wish I had."

That reply softened the woman's heart toward him.

"No home, eh? And no parents, I suppose?"

"That's right. My mother died when I was eight years old, and my father died three years ago."

"And where have you been living since?"

"With a man named Caleb Hazard, in Bransfield. He put me out this morning because I lost my job Saturday night. I wouldn't have lost it if I had had decent clothes, but Mr. Hazard wouldn't get me any, and so the man wouldn't keep me. He said it would hurt his business."

"You are certainly very poorly dressed," she said, scanning him critically. "You might do for a farm, though. My husband might hire you for a few months if you're willing to work on a farm. I'll speak to him by and by."

"I'm much obliged to you, ma'am, but I expect to get work in Cobleskill. If I'm disappointed I'd be glad to come back here and take anything that offers."

"Very well. Step right into the kitchen."

Dick followed the farmer's wife inside and took the seat she pointed out beside a table that had not yet been cleared. The family had just finished their mid-day meal. The woman placed a plate of soup before the boy, and shoved the plate of bread toward him. Dick did not wait to be told to begin, but pitched right in. The soup and two hunks of bread vanished in no time at all. How delicious it did taste! He had eaten nothing so good in three years. It was as if he had been invited to a Lucullan feast.

"Have another plate of soup?" asked the woman, observing with what relish he had consumed the liquid.

"Thank you, ma'am, I will if you've no objection."

The second plate of soup disappeared like the first.

"You seem to be quite hungry."

"Yes, ma'am. I've not had anything to speak of since last night, and not much then. Mr. Hazard never put much on the table at any time. He said he was too poor to afford to buy much."

A plate of roast meat with potatoes, succotash

and tomatoes was laid before the boy next, and he didn't leave anything.

"That was fine, ma'am. I haven't had such a meal in three years."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the woman, wondering what Dick had subsisted on during that period.

She brought him a large slice of pie and a second goblet of milk.

Dick's eyes fairly glistened as he gazed at the pie. He couldn't remember when he had had pie last. The pie went the way of the other provenders, washed down with the milk. Then he sat back in his chair with a sigh of content.

"That was worth \$100, ma'am," he remarked, enthusiastically.

The woman smiled.

"I'm glad you relished it," she said.

"I should say I did. You don't set such a table every day, do you?"

"Pretty near. We have a little extra on Sunday in honor of the day."

"Why, that dinner is fit for a king," he said.

The good housewife felt greatly complimented. Her husband and children were accustomed to accept all she laid before them as a matter of course, and seldom if ever passed flattering remarks about the repast. It pleased her to be told that her cooking was so good, and her heart warmed to the homeless boy.

"Where do you expect to sleep to-night?" she asked Dick.

"I don't know, ma'am. I haven't thought about it."

"We have a small outhouse in the next field. There is plenty of hay in the loft. If you'd like to sleep there you're welcome to do so."

"I'm much obliged to you, ma'am. I shall be glad to do so. I don't want to go in town to-day in my shabby clothes."

"You can come back to tea and for breakfast," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am, but you must let me pay you."

"Oh, no, I couldn't accept pay from you."

"You're very kind, ma'am, but I don't think that is fair. I'd have to pay if I went to a restaurant, and I know I wouldn't get anything half so good."

The woman smiled in a pleased way.

"If you don't mind, ma'am, I'll go down now to your outhouse and take a rest. I didn't sleep very well last night, and I've had a long walk this morning."

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife, accompanying him to the yard, where she pointed the outhouse out to him.

It was on the edge of a small piece of woods at the far end of the field. Dick walked over to it. The door stood invitingly open and the boy walked in. The ground floor was bare except for a short bench and a milking stool. In the corner stood a ladder communicating with a hole in the ceiling. Dick scrambled up the rungs and found himself in a small loft well filled with loose hay.

"This looks comfortable," said the boy. "I'll just turn in for an afternoon snooze."

Five minutes later, with the sun shining through the many cracks in the walls, he was fast asleep.

For many hours he slept the sleep of a tired boy. The sun sank out of sight in the west, twi-

light came on and deepened into night made glorious at first by a canopy of stars, and still he slumbered on unmindful that tea time came at the farmhouse and passed. The farmer's wife waited for him a little while, but finally concluded that he wasn't coming.

As the evening wore on a brisk wind came up and brought an army of clouds in its train. That took all the brightness out of the landscape. About ten o'clock Dick woke up suddenly. He might have slept longer but for a disturbing dream. He thought that as he was walking along the road, which looked very lonesome, toward Cobleskill, a bright glare suddenly shot into the air. Something seemed to tell him that it was the big wagon factory in the center of the town.

As he looked the fire spread and spread until the whole place seemed to be one sea of flame. Starting toward town at full speed he was suddenly confronted by four tough-looking men, and in the light of the conflagration he saw their faces perfectly. One of them to his surprise was the man he had seen that morning in Caleb Hazard's room, and whom he had taken for a Bransfield constable. They started to head him off, uttering cries and threats against him. As they closed about him he woke up.

"My, that was a funny dream!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, it's dark. I must have slept a good while. I wonder what time it is?"

At that moment he became conscious that he was not alone in the outhouse. He heard the voices of men in the room below.

"It must be the farmer and his hired man," thought Dick.

He listened. The voices sounded rough, and many oaths interlarded their conversation.

"No, it isn't the farmer; I'll bet it's some tramps that have taken refuge here for the night. My goodness! I hope they won't come up here and kick me out of the straw."

He thought he'd creep over to the trap and glance down to see what they looked like. He did so with great caution, as he did not want to attract their attention. The door had been closed and it was very dark below. He could just make out four figures seated there, and the dull glow from three pipes. As he looked the fourth man struck a light to ignite the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe. The glare lighted up the face of the four men quite distinctly.

Dick nearly uttered an exclamation of amazement. They were the four faces he had seen in his dream, and the man who was lighting his pipe was the very man he had seen that morning at Caleb Hazard's.

"My gracious!" breathed the boy. "What does this mean?"

CHAPTER V.—Dick Makes a Startling Discovery

"If this wind holds we'll make a clean sweep of the town," he heard Clem Hazard say, after he had sucked his pipe into a bright glow.

Of course, Dick did not know the man by name, nor that he was Caleb Hazard's son. He knew that the old man had a son who had gone to the bad. He had only seen him once, at the time he first came to live with Mr. Hazard. Clem had

just got out of the State prison at the time, and as it happened he did not remain very long at liberty. He and a pal were caught soon afterward trying to rob the Cobleskill bank, but owing to some loophole in the law they got off easy.

Mr. George Warren, the president of the bank, had tried to get the full penalty of the law imposed on the rascals, but failed. For this activity on his part, Clem Hazard and his companion, Griffin, had sworn to have revenge. They never forgot the debt they treasured up in their hearts during the term of their servitude, and as soon as they were discharged from prison they set about getting square with Warren. They associated themselves with two other scoundrels of their own stamp, named Quigley and Bunce, and came down to the neighborhood of Cobleskill to carry out the scheme they had concocted. This scheme was nothing less than the destruction of the business section of Cobleskill by fire. They had figured on waiting for some night when the wind was strong and blowing in the right direction, and then firing the big wagon works. There were only two fire companies in the town, and their apparatus was old and obsolete.

So many years had passed since there had been a fire of any kind in Cobleskill that the people had been lulled into a false sense of security, and neglected to vote more efficient means of putting out a dangerous blaze. The rascals counted on the fire spreading with the wind, then when the consternation of the inhabitants was at its height they calculated to loot some of the best houses on the suburbs.

Thus Clem Hazard and Mike Griffin expected to kill two birds with one stone—to do a stroke of business while they secured their revenge.

Just before Dick woke up they came out of the belt of woods on the property of the farmer whose wife had treated the boy to such a royal spread and entered the outhouse to make their final arrangements about the work of the night. When Clem Hazard made the remark with which the chapter opens, Griffin took his pipe from his mouth and said:

"That's what we will, old pal. It will make a rare blaze that the folks hereabouts won't soon forget. Once the factory is well started in a dozen places it will go like a bonfire on Fourth of July, and the wind will sweep the flames right into the thick of the business section. Them two engines in town will do as much good as a couple of garden sprinklers. They are two of the first engines used in Chicago, which ain't sayin' much for them."

Dick easily understood the meaning conveyed by Griffin's words, and he was startled beyond measure. His dream was a warning, then, of what was about to happen that night. These villains intended to set fire to the wagon factory in Cobleskill in the expectation that the flames would spread to the town and destroy the most important part of it. What their object was in doing this he did not know, but there seemed to be no doubt but that such was their purpose.

"No man ever does me an injury that I do not get back at him," said Clem, in a menacing tone.

"Nor me either," chipped in Griffin.

"If a cog hadn't slipped in our favor we'd have gone up for ten or fifteen years. And it wasn't

Warren's' fault that we didn't get the limit," said Clem.

"That's right," nodded the other speaker. "We had a narrow escape."

"To-night we'll wipe out our score against him. The bank is bound to go under with the other buildings in that direction. Once the flames get well started in this wind nothing but an efficient fire department will save the town, and that it hasn't got. Long before they can bring up the Bransfield engines by the road the place will be doomed."

"How about the steamers at Haverford on the railroad? There are three first-class ones in that town. They could telegraph for them and perhaps get them here in time to save the bank and other buildings," said Quigley.

"To prevent that we'll put the telegraph office out of business," said Hazard.

"But if a message is carried to the station it would be put through by the night operator over the Western Union wires."

"After the fire is well started we can go to the station, do up the operator and disarrange the apparatus so no message can be sent," said Clem.

"I see you've figured everything out," laughed Bunce.

"I'd be a fool if I hadn't."

"When do we make a start?" asked Griffin. "It must be close on to eleven now, and as it's Sunday night the town ought to be pretty dead by this time."

"We'll start right away," said Clem, rising. "It will take us an hour to reach the factory and secure the watchman. By half-past twelve we ought to have the ball rollin'."

The other three men got up, too, put out their pipes and dropped them into their pockets.

"The night couldn't be better fo rour scheme if we had it made to order," said Griffin, after glancing out at the door. "It's so dark that we'll not be noticed."

At that moment Dick made an involuntary movement with one of his legs, and the sound, slight as it was, reached Hazard's sharp ears.

"What was that?" he said, suddenly.

"What's the matter?" asked Griffin.

"I heard a sound above," said Clem.

"Must have been a rat. There's no one in this shack but ourselves."

"Well, I'm goin' to make sure of that. I was a fool not to have thought of lookin' into the loft when we first came here. We've just discussed a part of our plans. It would be a nice kettle of fish if there was some one up there since we've been here, and he overheard what we've been talkin' about."

"If any one is up there he'll need to say his prayers. I for one am not takin' any chances," said Griffin, threateningly.

"Wait till I investigate," said Hazard, starting to climb the ladder.

Dick easily heard every word, and the knowledge that discovery was certain if one of them came up where he was and struck a light to look around did not make him feel very happy. The only way of escape was by the ladder, and as that was blocked he did not see what he could do to prevent his presence becoming known.

"The best and only thing I can do is to make

believe I'm asleep, then maybe they won't suspect anything," he thought.

He crawled softly back to the pile of straw and threw himself upon it. Hardly had he done so when Hazard's head appeared above the level of the trap. He struck a match and looked around. His eyes lighted on the motionless figure of Dick, and he uttered a low imprecation.

"Come up here, Griffin," he said, putting his head down. "There's some one in the loft."

That was startling news for the rascals below. Hazard stepped onto the floor of the loft and waited for his pal to climb up. Then he struck another match and pointed at Dick.

"There he is," he said.

"It's a boy," said Griffin, "and luckily for him as well as for us he seems to be asleep, but we must make sure of it."

He walked over and laid his hand on Dick's arm as Clem lit another match. Then he bent down and looked in his face. Dick, whose face was turned away, breathed heavily.

"I guess he's asleep all right," said Griffin. "He has heard nothin'."

"Seems to me I've seen him before," said Hazard, approaching nearer and gazing down at Dick. "Why, its the kid," he ejaculated in surprise.

"What kid?" asked his companion.

"The one that's been livin' with my old man in Bransfield. He ran away this mornin'."

"You know him, eh? Well, perhaps we can make him useful."

"I ain't sure he's that kind of a boy."

"Well, what shall we do with him? I don't feel quite easy in my mind at leavin' him here. He may have heard all we said and be shamming sleep now to escape detection."

"No, he's asleep, all right. He's walked all the way here from Bransfield and must have been dead tired when he struck this shanty. I'll bet he won't wake up till morning."

Griffin didn't seem to be thoroughly satisfied about the matter, but when Clem, after another look at Dick, started down the ladder, he followed him. The four men then left the outhouse.

CHAPTER VI.—Starting the Conflagration.

No sooner had they gone than Dick sprang to his feet, slipped down the ladder, and, running to the door, looked after them. He saw the four figures just disappearing into the wood. Without the loss of a moment he followed them. They presently emerged into a meadow, across which they took their way. A near fence enabled Dick to keep them in sight without great danger of being detected. They crossed one field after another till they came to a lane down which they went until they reached the road, then they turned their faces toward Cobleskill.

Dick had no great difficulty in tracing them, though he frequently lost sight of them in the gloom of the night. After proceeding a matter of two miles they struck the outskirts of the town. Passing up a cross street, shaded with trees, with Dick shadowing them on the opposite side of the way, they finally reached and crossed Main street,

the main business thoroughfare of the town, which looked just as dark and silent at that hour as the side street. The only sound stirring was that made by the stiff wind that swayed the branches of the trees to and fro.

A hundred yards beyond Main street rose the big wooden four-story frame building of the Cobleskill Wagon Works. A small brick ell housed the boilers and engine that furnished the motive power to the machinery in the main building. An unfenced yard was well filled with lumber, a long shed sheltered several good-sized wagons, in a barn near by were the horses belonging to them. A solitary dim light burned in the office at one of the ground corners of the factory. Clem Hazard walked up to the office door and knocked loudly on it, while his companions entered the yard and went to the employees' entrance. Presently one of the windows was raised, and the watchman, thrusting out his head, wanted to know who was there.

"I have come to warn you about an attempt that is goin' to be made during the early hours of the mornin' to break into the office here and clean out the safe," said Hazard, whose object was to distract the watchman's attention and hold him in conversation while his associates were forcing an entrance by way of the rear.

Dick, standing under the shadow of a tree on the other side of the way, watched him and wondered what he was saying to the man at the window. When the boy saw the other three rascals disappear around the back of the big building, Hazard's object dawned on his mind. He decided that the only way to save the factory was to instantly warn the watchman of the danger that threatened the building. It was an act full of peril to him, he knew, but the exigency of the occasion banished all personal considerations from him mind. Leaving his post of concealment he dashed across the street.

"Don't listen to that man," he cried to the watchman. "There are three men at the back of the building breaking in."

Clem Hazard turned with an imprecation on Dick. He recognized the boy at a glance.

"So it's you, is it?" he roared. "You've been trackin' us. I'll kill you!"

He rushed at Dick. The boy ducked and eluded his grasp. The watchman, puzzled and astonished at the sudden turn of events, watched the movements of the man and the youth in the street. Clem Hazard, bent on securing Dick, whom he recognized as a dangerous obstacle to the success of their scheme, followed the lad closely. Dick, as active as a young monkey, managed to keep just out of his reach. Seeing the watchman still at the window, and knowing that the scoundrels in the rear might get in at any moment, he realized that the man did not comprehend the situation. There seemed to be no way of waking the watchman up to a sense of the danger except by sacrificing himself. So after dodging Clem in the middle of the street for the sixth time he darted straight for the building and made a spring for the sill of the open window where the watchman stood. He succeeded in scrambling up and getting one leg across the sill when his other leg was grabbed by Clem. The watchman grabbed

Dick, more than half suspecting him of an unlawful object.

"Listen to me," palpitated the boy, hurriedly addressing the watchman. "Three men, companions of this man, are at the back of the factory to break in. They intend to set the place afire. Go back and prevent them. I'll keep this man from getting in here if I can."

While Dick was speaking, Clem Hazard, with many imprecations, was trying to drag the boy out of the window by the leg. Dick, however, was well anchored across the sill, and the attempt was not successful.

"Come down, you little scamp!" snarled Clem, in a rage, "or I'll shoot you full of holes."

The scoundrel had no real intention of using his revolver, for it probably would have alarmed some of the people in the houses across the street.

"Give me something to defend myself with," cried Dick to the watchman. "This man has me by the leg."

The boy's ragged appearance did not impress the watchman with a good opinion of him, and instead of helping him, and taking advantage of his warning, he resisted the efforts of the lad to get in at the window, with the result that poor Dick lost what little grip he had secured and fell to the walk outside, where he was seized by Clem Hazard and held tightly.

"You little marplot!" he hissed. "What do you mean by buttin' in here?"

Dick made no reply, but tried to escape from his grasp.

"No, you don't. I've got you now and I'm goin' to fix you so you won't give us any more trouble."

At that moment the watchman was suddenly grabbed from behind by Griffin and Quigley, and then too late he realized that he had foolishly failed to avail himself of the boy's warning. He was overpowered, bound and gagged by the united efforts of the three rascals, who had easily made their entrance at the back while his attention was engaged in front. They left him helpless upon the floor of the office and one of them opened the street door to admit Hazard. They were surprised to see Clem drag a struggling boy inside.

"What's this?" exclaimed Griffin, clearly surprised.

"The kid we left asleep in the outhouse near the wood," replied Clem. "I guess he was shammin' after all, for he followed us here and tried to give the alarm to the watchman, but I choked him off."

"I was more than half suspicious of the little villain," gritted Griffin. "So he's on to us, is he?"

"Looks like it."

The other three, who had taken the precaution to put on masks to conceal their features before they broke into the factory, stood and glared at Dick through the eye-holes in the black crape.

"We'll have to treat him the same way that we did the watchman," said Griffin. "No half measures will do in this job. As he's seen your face, at any rate, it won't be good for you to let him escape. The watchman may be able to identify you, too. Both of them will have to go up with the building."

Dick heard Griffin's cold-blooded suggestion with a shiver. It showed him what a villainous gang he was up against. As he did not relish the

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idea of losing his life even in a good cause, he made a vigorous effort to break away from Clem Hazard. Like an eel he slipped out of the man's grasp and darted behind one of the tall desks in the counting-room. The four men were after him in a moment. He glided under the desk and slid out at the far end at the moment they thought they had him. They swore roundly at their failure to catch him and followed him about the room with dire threats of what they would do to him when they laid hands on him. The inner door of the office stood open, and he flew through it into an entry where a staircase led to the next floor. Up the stairs he went with the four hot on his heels.

He was twice as active as they and easily reached a door above through which he darted. While one of them remained to guard the doorway the other three entered the big workroom intent on routing him out of it. This, however, was no easy job, for the place was full of machinery, lumber and unfinished wagons in all stages of manufacture. Dick crawled under a machine in the center of the floor, and they couldn't tell to save their lives where he had gone. Finally they consulted over the matter and it was decided that as time was slipping away they couldn't lose any more with the boy.

"We'll lock him in here, fire the building and let him perish with the watchman in the flames," said Griffin, and this plan was decided on.

So they left the workroom, secured the door, and began their incendiary work on the first floor where they found plenty of inflammatory stuff to assist their rascally purpose. They made up a dozen piles, and when all was in readiness, they applied a light to each, waited till they were well under way, and then left the building and its two inmates to their fate.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick Turns In the Alarm.

The rascals' next object was to reach the Western Union telegraph office, on Main street, about a block away. To insure the destruction of the town they meant to destroy all means of communication with Haverford, the nearest big town on the railroad which had a well organized fire department, equipped with modern steamers. In case of an emergency like that which now threatened Cobleskill, a telegraphic message would bring the Haverford department down on a special train inside of an hour, and Clem Hazard knew it. By putting the telegraphic office out of business for a while he and his associates confidently expected to defeat this means of relief. There remained, however, the railroad station on the suburbs to be looked after also.

The night operator, employed by the railroad company, also received and sent dispatches over the Western Union line after the town office was closed at seven o'clock. That was under a business arrangement between the telegraph and railroad companies. It was therefore the purpose of the scoundrels to go to the station, lay out the operator and destroy the apparatus there for sending messages by wire. In the meantime, as soon as Dick found that the villains had given up

the attempt to catch him he came out from under the machine. At first he moved very cautiously about, for he was not sure but that they had spread some trap for him to walk into. He listened intently for some sign that they might be still on the floor, but all remained still. In this way he lost fifteen precious minutes. Finally he mustered up courage to glide over to the door by which he had entered.

He found it locked. That satisfied him that he was alone in the room. Then he moved around freely. His object, of course, was to creep from the shop, but he found that there was only one stairway, the one barred against him.

"I don't see any other way of getting out except by one of the windows," he said to himself.

There were twenty windows that admitted light to the floor, and to one of these the boy went and lifted the sash.

"It's quite a drop from here to the ground," he mused as he measured the distance with his eyes. "If I try it I'm liable to get a broken or sprained leg, and then I'd easily fall into the hands of those rascals. What am I to do?"

He decided that he must look around to see if he could find a rope or some other means that would assist him in his descent. His search consumed quite a number of other precious minutes, during which the scoundrels were hurrying their incendiary preparations on the floor below, though Dick had not the slightest idea what they were actually up to. He did not find a rope nor anything else that would help him in his emergency. When he was satisfied on this point he came back to the consideration of the chances of dropping out by the window.

"I'm afraid I'll have to do it. I don't see any other way of getting out," he said, half aloud.

At that moment he began to smell smoke.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I believe they have fired the building. They intend that I shall perish in the flames. Well, I'm not going to stay here to be burned up, you can bet your life. I'll chance a broken leg first."

He rushed to the window and looked out on the street. The four rascals were just making a hurried exit from the office.

"That settles it," breathed Dick. "They've set the building on fire all right, for that was their object in coming here. With the wind that's blowing, the lumber in the yard and the buildings back of that are sure to catch. If the fire gets enough headway the town is liable to go up, too."

The incendiaries had opened all the windows, front and rear, on the first floor to admit a good draught, and the wind was fanning the flames into a roaring furnace. Dick could see the smoke rising and blowing away in the back of the factory, and from the quantity of it he judged that the fire was already under good headway. Not a sound came up from the length of the street. The town slept in its customary fancied security. Dick straddled the window-sill preparatory to dropping out of the window into the street. It looked like a long drop, and he could not tell what would be the result of landing on the hard ground. Suddenly he paused.

"What a chump I am!" he exclaimed. "A better way would be to burst open the door, now that the rascals have left, and run down by the stairs.

There are plenty of tools about that would make matchwood of that door."

Leaving the windows he looked around and soon found a big hammer with which he attacked the door. It was a pretty stout door he had to contend with, but being desperately in earnest he put all his strength into the effort to break it down. Bang—bang—smash! The head of the hammer partially splintered one of the upper panels. Another blow completed the job. He put his arm through the fracture and felt for the key which he believed was in the lock. It was there and he quickly turned it. Grasping the knob he pulled the door open. A cloud of smoke blew in his face and caused him to gasp and choke. It was not so thick but he could see the stairway before him. Taking a long breath he plunged down the steps into the entry and dashed open the door leading into the office. The room was hazy with smoke. He could hear the roaring of the flames in the shop beyond. Then it was that he thought of the watchman who had been captured, bound and gagged. He looked in the spot where he had last seen the man, but he was not there now. He hunted the office over for him in vain. At length seeing a door which led into one of the private offices he opened that and glanced in. He could see nothing owing to the darkness and the smoke.

"Could it be that they dragged him in here to make sure of his death?" said the boy. "I heard one of them say that he and I were to go up with the building."

Dick ran to the window, got a breath of fresh air and then returned to the inner office which he entered on his hands and knees. He hadn't gone a yard before one of his hands came in contact with the body of the watchman. Grasping him by one of his bound arms, Dick slowly dragged the man out into the office. Then he tore the gag from his mouth. The watchman gasped and choked. He was almost done for. Dick pulled him over to the open doorway where the air was free of smoke. In a moment or two the watchman began to recover. His rolling eyes, sticking out of his head like a lobster's, encountered Dick's.

"Cut me loose, for heaven's sake!" he gurgled. "I haven't anything to do it with," replied the boy.

"In my pocket—you will find—a knife," gasped the man.

Dick lost no time searching for it. As soon as he got it out he opened it and began to slash hurriedly at the man's bonds. He soon had him free. The watchman struggled to rise, but fell back.

"The building is on fire," he groaned. "Telephone the police and fire houses."

"Don't know the calls," replied Dick. "Where will I—"

"You'll find them on a paper alongside of the instrument. Help me up. Maybe I can—no, no, I'm too weak. For heaven's sake, be quick. Turn on the electric light so you can see."

Dick turned on the first bulb within reach. Then he looked around for the telephone. It was fastened on the wall near the safe which the rascals had not tampered with, probably believing there was little money in it over Sunday. Dick turned on another electric burner close to it and looked at the list of calls on the card tacked on

the wall. He selected the one marked Engine-house No. 1, and put the receiver to his ear.

"What number?" came in a man's voice.

"Thirty-six, Main," replied Dick.

A pause, and then a "Hello!"

"Is this Engine No. One?"

"Yes, this is Neptune One. What do you want?"

"Tumble out quick! The wagon works is afire. Notify the other company and the police."

As Dick hung up the receiver he heard shouting on the street and wild cries of fire. People living on the other side of the way were waking up to the knowledge of the conflagration. The fire was now bursting out through all the lower back windows and eating its way up into the second floor. The wind was blowing sheets of flame over on the lumber piles, which consisted of well-seasoned wood and was smoking and even blazing in spots. The moment this wood got well afire the wooden houses beyond would be in great danger. What with the wind and the absence of efficient fire apparatus, the chances of saving the business section of Cobleskill looked mighty small. People began flocking out on the streets near by and running toward the blazing factory. The greatest excitement prevailed and steadily increased as the fire-bell on the roof of Neptune No. One's engine-house tolled out the dread alarm. That was a sound that had not been heard in Cobleskill for years and it startled the inhabitants far and near. Dick helped the watchman out of the building and then left him to pull himself together. He looked up at the burning building where the fire was now surging through the second floor and eating its way into the third. The lumber piles were already ablaze and the houses behind them were smoking under the heat.

"My goodness!" he palpitated. "This is terrible."

At that moment he suddenly recollected what he had heard the rascals say about destroying the Western Union's telegraphic connections with Haverford. He rushed up to a man in the gathering crowd.

"Where is the Western Union office?" he hurriedly asked.

"One block down this street."

"Where is the station on the railroad?"

"A mile over yonder," said the man, pointing.

"Is there any short cut to it?"

"There is a lane running out of Bath street which will take you to the covered bridge spanning the creek. By going that way you will save half the distance," said the man.

"I'm a stranger in this town and don't know where Bath street is. Direct me, please," said Dick.

"It's the third street from here in that direction," said the man, pointing. "This is Main street, and Bath crosses it."

"All right," answered the boy, hurrying away.

He counted the streets as he crossed them till he came to Bath. Its name was on a lamppost, so he knew he was on the right track when he turned into it. Straight ahead of him, a quarter of a mile away, was the covered bridge spanning the creek. To his consternation he discovered that it was on fire. As it could not have caught from the general conflagration in progress some distance

away, he came to the conclusion that the four rascals had included it in their programme, after stopping at the Western Union office and disarranging the wires, in order to prevent any one from getting to the station ahead of them.

"Those fellows are ahead of me and are bound to reach the station before I do," muttered Dick. "That means my mission will be a failure unless something unforeseen happens."

As he rushed into the lane, fully determined to cross the burning bridge and go to the station anyway, he saw a saddled horse tied to a tree in front of a house. Instantly the urgency of the business he was on inspired him with the idea of taking possession of the horse, and making a desperate effort to beat the firebugs to the station. He acted upon the plan without taking a second thought, and a minute later was dashing down the lane toward the bridge astride of the animal. The fire was rapidly enveloping the bridge, and as he approached the edge of the creek it looked like madness to attempt to cross the flaming structure. That, however, did not deter him for a moment. The case was too urgent for him to hesitate. He felt that the salvation of the town rested with him. Messages could be got to Bransfield, Haverford and, if possible, Edgeworth, or Cobleskill was doomed. A number of persons were standing close by watching the burning bridge and figuring how it had taken fire. They heard Dick approaching at a rapid gallop. Despite the yells of the horrified spectators he steered his galloping horse straight for the burning bridge. Into the covered structure he dashed.

It was like the infernal regions, hot with flame and stifling with smoke. A groan escaped the spectators. The bridge was only a short one and Dick got across in safety, though he suffered from the heat and smoke. Ahead of him he saw four men hurrying in the direction of the station. He did not doubt they were firebugs, and he rushed down on them at a hot pace. They looked around on hearing the horse's hoofbeats, and scattered to the sides of the road to avoid being run down. They saw and recognized him at the same instant, and for the moment they were fairly dumfounded. Fear of possible capture made Dick urge the horse to its best pace. The rascals recovered in a moment, and with cries of rage rush after him. Each of them was now armed with a stout club which they had picked up in the telegraph office they had wrecked. The rapidly reddening sky cast a lurid glow over the town and landscape, and objects hitherto lost in the darkness were beginning to stand out in relief. On flew Dick with the four ruffians following, breathing vengeance against him. Whether they surmised his purpose or not is uncertain, but they saw he was headed for the station.

"Stop, you little monkey!" shouted Clem Hazard, "or it will be worse for you."

The fleeing boy had not the slightest idea of stopping. His whole mind was set on reaching the station and warning the night operator. The rascals did their best to overtake him, but failed. Dick dashed across the railroad tracks and dismounted at the station. The four ruffians, brandishing their clubs, came on at a distance.

"Ho, ho!" shouted Dick, gesticulating to the

operator, who was looking at the fire from his window.

CHAPTER VIII.—Dick Captures the Firebugs.

The night operator at the station was very much astonished at the sight of the boy rushing towards him chased by the four men who looked capable of committing any kind of ugly deed.

"Look out!" cried Dick, as he sprang upon the platform. "These men intend to wreck your office."

As he uttered the last word he opened the station door and dashed inside. The operator slammed his window down with a bang, for he didn't like the looks of the rascals who were now closing in on the station, and reached for his revolver which he always kept in a drawer at his elbow. Dick rushed up to his counter and said:

"Call up Haverford. Say there's a big fire raging at Cobleskill and that the town will be wiped out unless engines are sent here at once. Those rascals outside are the firebugs. I believe they've wrecked the Western Union office on Main street to prevent a dispatch being put through from there, and their purpose is to wreck the instruments here with the same object. Give me your revolver and I'll stand them off while you are sending the message."

The operator was much startled, and from Dick's manner and flushed countenance he believed the boy was telling the truth. He handed Dick the weapon and began to call up the Western Union operator at Haverford as Clem Hazard and his crowd rushed into the station. The four ruffians expected little opposition, and were therefore taken all aback when they found themselves held up at the point of a revolver by the lad they had been chasing.

"Now, then, throw up your hands, you rascals, or I'll shoot the first who refuses," said Dick, resolutely.

"Why, you infernal young jackanapes!" cried Hazard, reaching for his gun. "I'll—"

That is as far as he got, for Dick, who meant business, fired at his arm. A roar of pain and rage escaped Clem as his arm dropped useless at his side. The shot proved a lesson to Quigley and Bunce—they raised their arms. Not so Griffin. That desperate ruffian yanked his gun out and tried to draw a bead on the plucky boy. Dick was quicker than he. Crack! went the lad's weapon, and Griffin dropped to the floor badly wounded.

"Back up against the wall, the rest of you, or I'll shoot again as sure as I'm standing here. I've got the drop on you and you can't do a thing."

The three rascals felt obliged to obey, for they didn't doubt that the boy would shoot if they refused. Clem groaned aloud with the pain from his broken arm, but Dick had no mercy on him.

"Now stand there, and don't you dare to lower your arms until I give you permission, or you'll get something you won't like," said the boy.

During this exciting incident the operator was clicking his key and sending the important message over the wire to Haverford.

"The engines will be sent on as soon as a special train of flat cars has been made up," said the telegrapher, closing his key.

"What is the nearest town in the other direction?" asked Dick.

"Edgeworth, sixteen miles south," replied the operator.

"Send a similar message there, and tell them to rush things, as not a moment is to be lost."

While the operator was calling up Edgeworth and communicating word of the great need of fire engines to save Cobleskill from the devouring element, Dick kept his eye on the three rascals lined up against the wall. Griffin lay unconscious on the floor. Dick didn't know, nor did he care at the moment, whether he had killed him or not. He picked up the fellow's pistol and laid it on the counter.

"Edgeworth will respond at once," said the telegrapher after a few minutes.

"Have you a wire to Bransfield?" asked Dick.

"Not from the station, but I can get the town on the 'phone through the central office in Cobleskill."

"Do so, and say that Cobleskill is threatened with destruction by fire. Engines must be sent on here without delay."

The night operator called up Central at Cobleskill and asked to be connected with Central in Bransfield. As soon as communication was established he told the person at the Bransfield end that a big fire was raging in Cobleskill and that all the engines in town must be sent out without delay. The Central office man promised to communicate with the fire department at once.

"I think we've done all we can now, Mr.——," said Dick.

"Bishop," said the agent.

"Mr. Bishop. So I will ask you to come out and secure these rascals, one after the other, while I hold them up. I suppose you can find some rope. I'll guarantee they won't get away while you're hunting for it."

During all the conversation Dick had had with the operator he did not once take his eyes off the three rascals who he held against the wall at the point of his revolver. They on their part did not dare take any chances after seeing how he had treated Clem Hazard and Griffin. Hazard himself was mad with the pain of his broken arm, and wild with fury at having been conquered by a mere boy, whose nerve astonished him. Bishop admired the pluck of the lad under such thrilling circumstances, and he hastened to get enough rope to assist in the capture of the firebugs. When he was ready to proceed to business, Dick took Griffin's revolver off the counter, and, cocking it, held the rascals under the muzzles of both weapons while the operator tackled them in succession and bound their arms behind their backs. In Hazard's case, only his uninjured arm was bound. As an additional security the three rascals were attached to one another.

"Now," said Dick, "you'd better telephone the police station, tell them that the men who set the wagon factory on fire have been captured and are now prisoners at this station. Request that several policemen with a wagon be sent here, to take them in charge. Also, ask that a doctor be brought along as two of the men are wounded, one very badly."

"I will do it," replied Bishop, going into his den and calling up the Central office once more.

While he was thus engaged, Dick went out on the platform and looked in the direction of the fire. The burning area had greatly increased by this time. He could see great tongues of flame rising above the tree-tops, while big clouds of black smoke were rolling away to the northeast. The red glare reflected in the sky was so bright that the boy held his breath, thinking that the town must already be doomed beyond the possibility of saving. This, however, was not so, though a dozen or more buildings were in the grasp of the fire. Fute efforts had already been made to communicate with both Haverford and Edgeworth, but the destruction of the telegraphic instruments and a portion of the wires at the Western Union office had cut Cobleskill off for the time being with the outside world.

It was evident that the two fire companies in town could do little to stay the progress of the flames, and the people whose property was threatened were wellnigh frantic. A messenger was dispatched to the station to get a dispatch through from that point, and he arrived while Dick was watching the flames. He rushed inside to see the operator, who sent him back to report that word had been sent fifteen minutes before, not only to Haverford and Edgeworth, but also by telephone to Bransfield, and that engines would be rushed to Cobleskill as soon as it was possible to get them over the roads. In a short time a wagon came tearing up to the station with three policemen and a doctor aboard.

The physician examined Griffin first of all and declared that his wound was a serious one, though not necessarily fatal. He did what he could for the man, who was put in the wagon, and then he turned his attention to Clem Hazard's arm, which he patched up temporarily. While the doctor was attending to the injured rascals, Bishop explained to the policemen how the capture of the firebugs had been brought about by the lad, who said his name was Dick Barnett, and had only just come over from Bransfield that day. He gave Dick full credit for his pluck and energy, and said that only for him the villains might have overpowered him and destroyed telegraphic communication beyond Cobleskill, and thus prevented news of the conflagration reaching the towns from which help alone could be looked for.

"If the town is saved the credit must go to this boy," said the operator, "for he deserves every bit of it."

The policemen shook Dick by the hand and complimented him on what he had accomplished. The doctor having announced that Hazard was ready to be removed to the wagon, the three rascals were unbound and handcuffed together. They were marched outside, ordered to get into the vehicle, which they did with very bad grace, and then the outfit drove off for the jail, which was several blocks outside of the fire zone.

CHAPTER IX.—Fighting the Flames.

Dick, having accomplished all he had come to the station to do, told the operator that he was going back to watch the progress of the fire.

"Well," replied Bishop, "if you remain in Cobles-

kill I hope you'll drop in and see me some night, Barnett. You're such a plucky young fellow, superior to the average boy of your age, that I'd like to know you better."

"All right," replied Dick, "I won't forget you. Good-by."

In another moment he was crossing the tracks, headed for the town. Half the people of the place seemed to be gathered in the vicinity of the conflagration, when Dick reached a point on Main street within sight of the flames. To a disinterested spectator the fire was a magnificent spectacle, but there were but few people in Cobleskill who could come under that head. The destruction of the business section would be a public calamity that was certain to affect every resident in a greater or less degree. The local fire department was doing its best, but unfortunately the men and the hand engines were powerless against such a fire. The fact that the fire had started in the wagon works, now a mass of glowing embers, and that it was the work of incendiaries, was by this time generally known.

It was also known that the Western Union office was wrecked for the evident purpose of cutting the town off from communication with the adjacent towns, so that word could not be sent asking for help. Altogether it looked like a deliberate attempt made by unprincipled persons to wipe Cobleskill out. And from the general aspect of matters at that moment the chances were in favor of the dastardly scheme succeeding. Already a full block, embracing many business houses, one of the hotels, and a newspaper office, had been swept almost clean by the flames, which were now eating their way through the adjoining block to the northeast. The opera-house, the other hotel, a new and somewhat imposing office building, the post-office, the Cobleskill Bank and other buildings of lesser note were sure to go unless the wind changed, or help arrived shortly. Dick had secured an advantageous post of observation in the crotch of one of the big trees that lined Main street. Another boy, well dressed, had preceded him, and was perched upon one of the stout branches.

"It's a fierce blaze, isn't it?" said the other boy, his eyes twinkling with excitement.

"It is that," nodded Dick.

"The town will be wiped off the map," said the other.

"I guess not," replied Dick.

"You guess not? Look at the way the wind is carrying the flames. The second block yonder will go in half the time the other was wiped out, and the block opposite us will follow. What good are the two fire companies doing? Nothing. They're not in it even a little bit."

"There will be three steamers here from Haverford in a short time," said Dick.

"How do you know? I heard that the rascals who fired the wagon works, where the blaze started, destroyed all telegraphic communication with outside towns."

"They did their best to do so, but I got word through to Haverford, Edgeworth and Bransfield."

"You did!" almost gasped the other lad.

"Yes, I did," replied Dick, coolly.

"Oh, come off. What are you giving me?"

asked the other boy, almost scornfully, observing Dick's tattered appearance for the first time. "Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Dick Barnett," answered the unknown hero of the night, without taking offense at the derisive words of the well-dressed youth. "What's yours?"

"Well, you've got a nerve!"

"Think so?" laughed Dick. "You aren't the first that said the same to me to-night."

"You're a cheeky little beggar," snorted the other boy. "I wouldn't have spoken to you if I had noticed what a scarecrow you are. I s'pose you live on the East Side," sneeringly.

The working people and poorer class of the town lived on the east side of Cobleskill.

"No," replied Dick, good naturedly. "I don't live in this place."

"Oh, you don't? Work on a farm, perhaps."

"No. I've just come over from Bransfield."

"You must have lived in the gutters there from your looks."

"I'm not responsible for my looks."

The other lad laughed scornfully at this answer.

"Who is, if you ain't?" he sneered.

"The man with whom I lived. He wouldn't give me any clothes."

"I suppose you mean your father?"

"No, I don't. My father is dead. So is my mother."

"What brought you to this town? Did you run away?"

"Not exactly."

"Not exactly? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said," replied Dick, who didn't care to go into particulars with this youth, who clearly regarded him with little favor.

"Look here, I don't allow poor persons like you to talk to me that way," said the other, loftily.

"I won't say anthing more then if you don't want me to," chuckled Dick, rather amused at the air which his companion assumed.

Although the well-dressed youth considered Dick beneath his notice, nevertheless there was something about the ragged stranger that piqued his curiosity.

"What are you going to do in this town?" he asked presently.

"I don't know now. I had some idea of getting a job in the wagon works, but as that is burned down there isn't much chance of that. If the bank is saved I might get something to do there."

The well-dressed lad looked at Dick as if he thought he was crazy.

"Do you suppose the Cobleskill Bank would hire such a tramp as you?"

"I couldn't tell you until I saw the president."

"Well, if you ain't got more gall than any boy I ever met. Did you expect that the president would notice you?"

"I think he would," replied Dick so seriously that the other fairly gasped.

"Why, if you went to the bank and asked to see the president, the janitor would throw you out."

"If he did that I'd go to Mr. Warren's home and see Miss Nellie."

"What!" ejaculated the other, more astonished

than ever. "What do you know about Nellie Warren—a tramp like you?"

"Do you know her?" asked Dick, looking at the youth with some curiosity.

"I should say I do. My father is cashier of her father's bank."

At that moment a succession of shrill whistles was heard a mile away to the north in the direction of the railroad.

"I'll bet that's a special train from Haverford bringing the steamers," added Dick. "Now there will be something doing."

"What makes you think that's a train with steam engines from Haverford?" persisted the other.

"I told you I had a message sent there from the station, but you wouldn't believe me, so what's the use of talking any more about it?"

"How could such a tramp as you get a message sent?" snorted the other lad.

Dick remained silent, watching the fire which had almost reached the town hall by this time.

"Why don't you answer me?" said his companion in a commanding tone.

"What's the use?" replied Dick.

"It's your place to answer all my questions."

"Is it?" grinned Dick.

"Yes, it is. I'm a gentleman while you're only a poor boy. It's your place to show me proper respect."

"Clothes aren't everything."

"Clothes make a gentleman, at any rate."

"Do they?"

Several more long, shrill whistles came down upon the morning air, much nearer this time, and the distant hum of a railroad train approaching at high speed reached the ears of the two boys.

"There's the Haverford train," cried Dick, excitedly.

And so it proved to be. Fifteen minutes later, amidst the most tumultuous cheering and excitement, three steam fire-engines, with their crews and attendant hose-carts, dashed upon the scene. The horses had been brought down in box-cars. The Haverford hook-and-ladder apparatus followed a few minutes later. The engines quickly took up their positions close to the fire. They were all ready with steam up, and as soon as the hose was stretched they got down to business. Five minutes after they reached the scene of trouble they had six powerful streams playing on different buildings.

"That's the way to do things," cried Dick, in great delight.

The crowd was still cheering the Haverford firemen. Everybody believed the town would be saved now. The fire, however, had got such a tremendous hold, and the wind helped it along so much, that it was very doubtful in the minds of the Haverford men themselves if they could stay it. More help was coming, however. Around the curve of the trolley track at the end of Main street came humming a train of small flat cars bearing the three hand engines, two hose carriages and a hook-and-ladder with their crews from Bransfield. One of the regular passenger cars was pulling the train, and the electricity sparkled and flashed from the overhead wire as the trolley wheel humped along. Another roar of enthusiasm and excitement greeted the Bransfield, fire laddies. A hundred willing hands help-

ed unload the apparatus, then the firemen and a host of volunteers were soon dragging the engines into positions on the other side of the burning block.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick, who was tickled to death, waving his old hat in the air.

The excitement was now at fever heat in Cobleskill. The crowd cheered on the firemen at frequent intervals. But above their cries rose the dull, heavy roar of the voracious flames, sweeping down on fresh buildings. The greedy forks of fire seemed to laugh at the efforts of the firemen. It burst out gleefully in a score of fresh places. It reached out its scathing red arms as though to envelope the whole of Cobleskill in its devouring grasp. It fought back savagely at the powerful efforts of the Haverford firemen on Main street who were in some degree holding it in check. Roaring and snarling, and biting at buildings as yet untouched, it strove hard to carry all before it. Great bits of blazing woods were carried through the air on the wings of the wind, starting fresh fires a block or more ahead. In some respects it was like a great battle scene in which a vast host of red savage warriors was trying to overwhelm the small force of devoted defenders of a beleaguered town. And now far down the railroad line to the south came a long-drawn-out locomotive whistle thrice repeated. The engineer of the locomotive dragging a flat car train loaded with steamers and other apparatus from Edgeworth at a speed of over a mile a minute sent those notes of hope and encouragement in advance to tell the unhappy people of Cobleskill that more help was coming from the south. The fire fiend must have scented trouble in that sound, for the flames rose higher and more threatening in their might. They swooped down more savagely on the balance of the block. But the Haverford boys were standing them off from the town hall and post-office. The three steamers were humming defiantly at three different hydrants. Spark-laden brown smoke spurted from their funnels, and their driving wheels were whirling around like mad as they forced the water in powerful streams through the lines of hose stretched in snaky folds along the wet street. Like the distant sound of surf breaking on the seashore rose the swelling noise of the Edgeworth train dashing up to the station, amid a continuous shrieking of the engine whistle.

"More fire-engines!" was the word passed from mouth to mouth through the crowds.

The multitude yelled and cheered in their wild enthusiasm. Cobleskill had never in all its career witnessed such a scene before, and perhaps never would again. It was a night, or rather morning, to be remembered and talked over. And seated unnoticed in the crotch of the maple tree we have already mentioned was the bright, nervy boy who was responsible for the coming of the engines. No one in that mob knew that to this lad's activity and forethought the town owed its chance of salvation. That but for him there would have been no steamers from either Haverford or Edgeworth, and that at the best only the hand engines of Bransfield would have heard the call over the telephone. And thus it often is in this world that many a true hero is passed by unnoticed in the crowd, because it is not his fortune to appear

prominently in the white glare of the limelight of public observation.

CHAPTER X.—From Obscurity to Fame.

With the appearance of the Edgeworth fire-engines, four of them, all up-to-date steamers, the cheering and excitement was renewed. They were soon at work with eight streams playing on the fire. With seven streams and five hand engines at work, matters began to look brighter for Cobleskill.

The fire fiend found his work cut out for him in earnest. The flames no longer had things all their own way. You could hear them hiss and seethe in rage when the water beat them back. To further paralyze their force the wind not only began to drop, but it veered around to a quarter that took it way from Main street. The firemen attacked the fire with renewed confidence, and before long it became apparent that the business section of the town would escape further injury. In another hour, just as day began to break, the fire had been got under control.

After that it was a mere question of putting out the flames that clung around the lurid ruins and drowning the red-hot embers. The fire fiend had been conquered and the town was saved. The crowds gradually thinned out, the people returning to their homes to recite the exciting particulars to the women folk who had not dared to venture near the scene of the conflagration. As soon as the sidewalks became less crowded Dick and the well-dressed youth descended from the tree. They separated at once, each approaching the glowing area from different points.

The firemen were still pouring a dozen streams of water on the ruins, and the smoke was rising in a hundred spots and blowing away in a great cloud to the east. The sun now rose above the distant horizon and shot his beams of light athwart the town, lighting up the eastern windows with a ruddy blaze. Hundreds of the curious people still hung around on the outskirts of the smoldering district, but their attention was chiefly interested in the grimy looking firemen, who showed the effects of their desperate fight with the flames, and the puffing steam engines.

Some of the steamers were working at reduced speed, as though tired out. All the saloons in the neighborhood were doing a land office business.

Every time one of the red-shirted firemen entered one of them he owned the place and couldn't spend a cent. Dick Barnett wandered around unnoticed from one engine to another until the clocks in town struck eight, and then he woke up to the fact that a good breakfast was about what he needed to key himself up for the business of the day. So he looked around for a cheap looking restaurant. Finally he found a place where he thought he might venture in without danger of being requested to leave on account of his ragged apparel. Taking a seat at a table he ordered a meal from the bill of fare, ate it in due course, paid a quarter at the desk, and then returned to the vicinity of the smoking ruins. About ten o'clock he inquired his way to the court-house where he had been directed by the policeman to

appear as star witness against the firebugs. The room was crowded with spectators drawn there to get a peep at the men who were charged with having fired the town and the destruction of the telegraphic instruments and the connecting wires of the Western Union office. Dick reported to one of the officers whom he recognized, and was given a seat within the railing. The magistrate soon appeared, the prisoners, lacking Griffin, whose condition would not permit him to appear, were brought in, and the proceedings were begun without any unnecessary delay. There were three witnesses against the prisoners—Dick Barnett, the night watchman of the burned wagon factory, and Bishop, the night operator at the station. The night watchman, who gave his name as Stephen Cole, was called first. He testified to having been called to the front of the building by loud knocking at the street door, and then went on to state what happened after he opened the window and demanded to know what was wanted.

He admitted that Dick had warned him of trouble, and had tried his best to put him on his guard, but owing to the ragged appearance of the boy he had distrusted him, and had thus fallen into the hands of the firebugs. He stated how they treated him, and after chasing Dick upstairs somewhere, had returned without the boy, dragged him to Mr. Warren's private office, and then went into the workshop on the ground floor and fired the building. Having accomplished their object they departed, leaving him to his fate.

Then he went on to say that he owed his life to the boy, who turned up in the nick of time, released him when he was nearly at his last gasp, and stated how Dick had telephoned Enginehouse No. 1 that the factory was on fire. He identified Clem Hazard as the man who had engaged him in conversation while the others were forcing an entrance at the rear of the buildings.

He could not positively swear to the identity of the others, as their faces had been partially covered by masks, but to the best of his knowledge and belief the other two prisoners were the men who assaulted him and fired the works. Then Dick was called to the stand.

After being sworn, the magistrate asked him his name.

"Dick Barnett."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Haven't you any home?" asked the magistrate.

"No."

"Where do you come from?"

"Bransfield. I lived there with Caleb Hazard until yesterday morning, when he told me to get out as he didn't want me around his place any longer."

"Why not?"

Dick explained the cause of the trouble as the reader knows. "The night watchman at the wagon factory where the fire started testified that you did your best to warn him of the presence and purpose of the prisoners," said the magistrate. "This would indicate that you had in some way met the men previously and became aware of their intentions. Where and under what circumstances did you learn that they meant to set fire to the factory?"

Dick then began to tell his story—a story that

in the end astonished and thrilled every one in the court-room, and raised him in the estimation of all present from a little homeless tramp to the savior of the town. The spectators murmured their astonishment that the boy had the courage to attempt and had actually accomplished so remarkable a feat. Many were inclined to doubt his story, but when the night operator corroborated it on the stand later, they began to regard Dick Barnett as a wonder. The part that aroused the greatest interest and provoked the enthusiasm of the spectators was when Dick stated that his object in going to the station was to forestall the efforts of the firebugs to put the station wires out of business in order to insure the destruction of the town, as well as to get the night operator to send the important messages over the wire to Haverford and Edgeworth that subsequently brought the entire fire department of both of those towns to the aid of Cobleskill and saved the business district from the peril that menaced it. As Dick swore he had seen the faces of the four rascals at the out-house, his identification of the scoundrels was accepted as conclusive. Bishop, the night operator at the station, after telling his story, testified to the unmasking of the villains, and the three officers and the doctor swore to the same fact afterward, so that no doubt as to the real character of the prisoners existed in the mind of any one present. When all the evidence against the accused was in, the magistrate asked them if they had anything to say in their own behalf. They refused to make any statement.

It was at this point that a detective came forward and asked to be sworn. Then Dick was treated to a great surprise. He learned that the chief rascal of the party, the man he had seen at the Hazard home on the preceding morning, was Caleb Hazard's son, who had only lately been discharged from the State penitentiary with his pal Griffin, after serving their time for the attempted looting of the Cobleskill Bank three years since. The detective's statement let in light upon what had appeared to be a mystery—the object the prisoner had in trying to destroy the town. It seemed clear now that Hazard and Griffin had put the thing through out of revenge for their prosecution by the bank officials, which led to their conviction and three-year sentence. After the detective left the witness chair the magistrate remanded the prisoners for trial at the next term of the criminal court. The rascals were then taken back to their cells, the next case was called, and most of the spectators filed out into the street.

We may say here that Hazard and his companions were duly tried, convicted and sent to State prison for fifteen years.

CHAPTER XI.—In Which Things Begin to Come Dick's Way.

As usual on such occasions, a crowd gathered outside the court building and waited for the hero of the occasion to make his appearance. Among the spectators who had been present in the court-room was a well-dressed boy, whose name was Henry Morris. He was the lad who had been perched in the branches of the same tree

which had afforded Dick Barnett a fine view of the fire and all its attendant excitement that morning. Henry recognized Dick as soon as he took the witness chair, all wondered what connection he had with the case. He soon found out and to say he listened to Dick's story with astonishment would be putting it quite mild. Henry was disgusted with himself, not because he had been uncivil to the young stranger, but because he had missed a fine chance of learning his story before he told it in court. Henry's bump of curiosity was unusually well developed. He liked to know everything that was going on before the news spread to other ears, so he could tell it himself, with sundry additions, in advance. If he had looked down on Dick in the tree because he was poor, he was now twice as much against him because he had come into public approbation.

"The common little beggar!" he muttered to himself. "The idea that such a ragamuffin as he should have saved Cobleskill from going up in fire! It is simply disgusting."

He was still more disgusted with the ovation Dick received from the crowd when he appeared in the doorway of the building. The owner of the opera-house, which the Haverford firemen had just managed to save, stepped forward and took Dick under his wing.

"You stated that you didn't have any home, my lad," he said. "Well, you shall make my house your home for the present, and I'll see that you're togged out like a gentleman's son. Come with me."

The crowd made way for them, and many followed them to a big clothing and furnishing-goods house in the block.

"This is the boy who saved the business district of Cobleskill from destruction," said the opera-house man, whose name was Frisbee, to the proprietor of the store, with whom he was well acquainted. "Fit him out to the best you have in the store, and extra underwear and a suitcase to put it in, and charge it to me."

"Charge nothing," replied the storekeeper, indignantly. "If he saved the town he's entitled to all he requires free of charge, whether my store can furnish it or not."

So Dick was put in charge of a clerk who was told to supply him with a complete outfit, from shoes to hat. He was taken to the barber shop next door to get a bath and have his hair cut, and when he came out with his new clothes on Mr. Frisbee and others who had seen him in his raggedness hardly recognized him, so changed for the better was he. There was no getting around the fact that Dick was a good-looking boy, with a face that showed unusual force of character.

"Have you had breakfast?" asked Mr. Frisbee as they drew near a restaurant.

"Yes, sir," replied Dick.

"Well, you'll dine at my house. Come, I'm going to introduce you to Mr. Warren, the president of the bank. I'll wager he's already heard about you and is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Mr. Warren had just reached the bank after half an hour's inspection of his burned wagon works, and when Mr. Frisbee sent his name he was told to enter the president's private room.

"Mr. Warren," said the opera-house man, "let me introduce to you Richard Barnett, the boy who

saved Cobleskill from being wiped off the map, so to speak."

Mr. Warren got up and shook hands with Dick.

"Be seated," he said. "I was told that he was a poor looking boy, who had no home, and—"

"So he was, but Mr. Jones, down the street, has fitted him out like a young gentleman at his own expense, while I have offered him a temporary home at my house."

"My dear boy," said the banker, feelingly, "permit me to thank you for the great service you rendered my child as well as myself and her mother. Mr. Frisbee, I hope you will permit me to advance a prior claim to this young hero. I wish to take him to my house until I can arrange for his future welfare."

"Certainly, Mr. Warren," replied the opera-house man. "I admit that you have the better right to take charge of him, and I have no doubt the change will be to his advantage. But I have not done with him yet. I owe the safety of the opera-house to him, and I not only mean to present him with a suitable personal testimonial of my gratitude, but I propose to get up a public benefit for him that the people of this town may as a body have the opportunity to express in a substantial way the regard they are bound to feel towards him as the savior of the town as soon as the intelligence is spread broadcast."

"I fully endorse your proposal," said Mr. Warren, "and now request that you will reserve one of your private boxes for me, for which I will pay you \$500."

Dick listened to this conversation in no little bewilderment. No wonder he hardly knew whether he was wide awake, as he supposed he was, or dreaming all the good things that were happening to him. Presently Mr. Frisbee got up, shook hands with Dick, promising to see him again soon, and took his leave. Mr. Warren then wrote a note to his wife in which he stated that this would introduce the boy who had saved their daughter's life the morning before. He said he was their guest for the present. He added that Dick had also made himself famous in the eyes of all Cobleskill by saving the greater part of the town from destruction that morning through his pluck and forethought. He handed the note to Dick.

"I am going to send you to my home under the guidance of one of my clerks," he said. "When you arrive, present that note to my wife, and she will make you welcome."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick, still wondering if this was all real.

A young clerk was summoned and directed to pilot Barnett to the banker's home.

"Are you a relative of Mr. Warren's?" asked the clerk as they started off.

"No. My name is Dick Barnett."

"Mine is Fred Jordan. I'm glad to know you."

Just then Henry Morris came along swinging his cane.

"Hello, Jordan," he said, looking hard at Dick, who recognized him as the boy he had talked to in the tree, and who had called him a tramp.

"Hello, Morris. Let me introduce you to a friend of Mr. Warren's. I'm taking him up to his house. Henry Morris, Dick Barnett."

"Are you a friend of Mr. Warren's?" Morris gurgled.

"Look as if I am," replied Dick, pleasantly.

"It isn't possible that you are the ragged-looking boy who was in court this morning? He said his name was Dick Barnett, and that he hadn't any friends."

"I'm the same boy," replied Dick, coolly. "I think I met you before—up in a tree on this street while the fire was raging."

"Why—why, you looked like a tramp, and you said—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Dick, laughing. "I told you I was going to call on the president of the Cobleskill Bank, and you said if I did the janitor would throw me out."

"What are you two talking about?" asked Jordan, in astonishment. "Have you met before?"

"Yes," replied Dick, with a chuckle, "we've met before, haven't we, Morris?"

Henry Morris looked exceedingly foolish and embarrassed. The scarecrow he had sneered at had been metamorphosed into a better dressed and better looking boy than himself, and he couldn't understand it.

"I suppose I'm a gentleman now and not a tramp," said Dick, with a smile. "You said that clothes made a gentleman."

"I guess you didn't tell me the truth when you said you were poor," stammered Morris.

"You heard what I told the judge this morning in court, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was the truth. I was under oath at the time. Come, Jordan, let's go. Good-by, Morris. I'll see you when you become a prominent lawyer."

Henry looked after him in a daze.

"I wonder what this all means? Why, that boy looks as well dressed as me. Two hours ago he was little better than a bundle of rags. Now here is Fred Jordan taking him to the Warren home. There's some mystery about it. I wish I could find out the meaning of it."

When they reached the Warren home they were received with open arms, as it were. Great was Nellie's surprise when she found out Dick was the boy who saved her life. Dick at the first opportunity told her how he came by his new clothes. When she found that the boy was going to become an inmate of the house she was greatly pleased.

Mr. Warren did not arrive home until after supper that evening, but by that time Dick had spent several happy hours with Nellie and her mother.

Several days passed thus and the testimonial to Dick was progressing finely. When the night arrived every seat in the house was filled and the money taken in after all expenses had been paid, netted the boy \$2,500. Dick made a fine speech, and several floral pieces were presented to him. Altogether the night was a great triumph for Dick.

CHAPTER XII.—A Spill on the Lake.

Mr. Warren had not yet spoken to Dick about his future prospects, but at breakfast on the morning after the testimonial, he asked him to

call at the bank early in the afternoon. When Dick made his appearance there he was shown into the banker's private room. Mr. Warren pointed to a chair beside his desk and Dick sat down.

"Mr. Frisbee was here a few minutes ago and left this check for you," said the banker, handing the boy an oblong slip of pink paper made out to Dick's order and calling for the sum of \$2,573. It represented the net receipts of the opera-house benefit.

"Now, Dick," said Mr. Warren, "How would you like a position in this bank?"

"I should like it very much indeed, sir," said the lad, eagerly.

"Very well. I will start you in at the bottom round, and you will have every opportunity to work your way up. As I am under great obligations to you for what you did for my daughter, not to speak of your services in connection with the fire by which the bank and its business was saved, I shall make it by business to look after your future. Now I propose to double the value of your check and enter the amount of \$5,000 to your credit as a special deposit at three per cent. interest. This will give you something of a capital by the time you reach your twenty-first year."

"You are treating me very liberally, sir," said Dick, gratefully.

"Not at all. You deserve every dollar of it and more," replied the banker, with a smile. "Just sign your name on the back of the check, and a certificate of deposit for the sum I mentioned will be made out in your name."

Dick signed the pink slip and handed it to Mr. Warren.

"Now, with the view of providing you with a good home," went on the banker, "I have arranged with a widow lady whom I have known for years to take you as a boarder. Her name is Jordan, and her son Fred is employed in this bank. You will remember him as the boy who took you to my home the first day you came here. He will make a good companion for you, as he is a thoroughly reliable lad."

Dick had taken quite a fancy to Fred, and was pleased at the idea of living with him.

That closed the interview, and Dick left the bank to return to Mr. Warren's home. He was within a block of the mansion when he met Nellie and one of her girl friends.

"Eva," said Nellie, "this is Dick Barnett. Dick, Miss Trumbull."

The young people bowed, Eva regarding Dick with no little admiration, for he was not only good looking, but the most important personage in town at that moment. Eva envied Nellie the possession of such a prize, and there is little doubt but she tried to make herself as fascinating as she could to Dick. When they reached the Warren place Nellie proposed that they go down to the summer-house close to the beautiful lake on which the banker's property, as well as the property of many of the wealthy residents of Cobleskill abutted. There were small private wharves, boat houses and bathing pavilions stretched along the shore at intervals, while great gnarled and towering old oak trees furnished inviting shade when the weather was sultry.

"Who is that yonder in the sailboat?" asked

Eva Trumbull, when the three reached the shore of the lake.

"It looks like Henry Morris, but his father doesn't own a sailboat," replied Nellie.

"Whoever he is he doesn't seem to be an expert at handling a sailboat," remarked Dick, who, though no boatman himself, could tell from the awkward movements of the craft in question that she was not being handled properly.

"Henry has a rowboat," said Nellie. "He has invited me several times to go out with him for a row, but I wouldn't think of doing such a thing, even if papa and mamma would permit it. The lake is quite deep, and if one was upset and could not swim he would be surely drowned. Yes, that's Henry, sure enough. He must have borrowed the boat. I did not know that he could sail one."

"It doesn't look to me as if he was sailing that craft with much success," said Dick. "If the water is deep, as you say, he seems to be taking a good many chances. He has seen us and is waving his hand in this direction."

Morris, on observing the two girls by the shore, one of whom he knew must be Nellie, as they were standing on the Warren property, turned the boat's head shoreward.

This maneuver he accomplished at considerable risk, as the wind was blowing quite a fresh breeze and he was very unskilled in nautical knowledge. The boat tipped so far over that it was more by good luck than good management that he saved himself from a spill in the lake.

"My gracious!" cried Nellie, in a startled tone, "I thought he was going over that time. I think he is a very foolish boy to go out in that boat."

There was a good reason for her remark. Henry Morris knew nothing whatever about sailing a boat, though from having seen others sail pleasure craft on the lake he imagined that it was the easiest thing in the world to manage a sailboat and make it go wherever you wanted it to. As Nellie had said he was the owner of a rowboat, and had been accustomed to amuse himself frequently rowing about the lake. There is one great drawback, however, upon the pleasure of rowing a rowboat. It is tiresome to row single-handed after the novelty has worn off. So Henry found it after a time, and not being overfond of active exertion, he soon began to yearn for a sailboat instead. He sounded his father on the subject, but Mr. Morris knew better than to humor such a whim on his son's part. Finding that he couldn't get his father to buy a sailboat, he tried to borrow one from a neighbor. He was not successful in this, as no gentleman would loan a sailboat to an inexperienced boy. Henry, who had grown weary of the exercise of rowing, was about to abandon boating altogether, when all at once a new plan was suggested to him.

This was to rig up a mast and sail, and thus do away with the necessity of rowing when the wind was strong enough to make the craft go under canvas. No sooner had the plan suggested itself to him than he hastened to put it into execution. Having a fund of money saved up, he engaged a carpenter to effect the desired change. When the job was finished, and the boat with its slender mast and white sail floated

gently on the quiet bosom of the lake, Henry's satisfaction was unbounded. He looked eagerly forward to the moment when there would be wind enough for him to experiment with his new toy. That time came on the afternoon that Dick met Nellie and Eva Trumbull on the street and accompanied them to the shore of the lake. Soon after lunch Henry noticed that a fine breeze had sprung up. To his great disgust his mother sent him on an errand to a neighbor's which lost him a couple of hours. When he got back he hastened down to his sailboat. The breeze in the meantime had grown stronger.

"It's a dandy wind," he said, fully confident of his ability to manage the craft. "It'll send my boat skimming along like a seabird."

So he stepped in, pushed off from the shore and then raised the sail. The wind caught the canvas, bellied it out, the boat careened considerably, but Henry was not afraid in the least. The wind holding steady, the boat flew along like a thing of life, and Morris was jubilant over the success of his venture. At that moment he spied the two girls and Dick on the shore watching him.

"I'll just show them that I know a thing or two about boating," he chuckled, waving his hand at them. "I'll run close in and turn the boat this way and that."

He had to fetch the shore where they stood, so he put the helm down. When he reached a point as close to the shore as he cared to go he tacked again. At that moment a flaw struck the boat. Not being a skillful boatman, he was wholly unprepared to guard against it. The result was the boat upset and Henry Morris was pitched into deep water.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

When the sailboat went over and Henry Morris was seen struggling in the water, both of the girls screamed, for they fully expected than the unfortunate boy would be drowned before their eyes. There is little doubt that had the girls been alone, Henry Morris never would have reached the shore alive, for the water was very deep at the point where the boat upset. Dick Barnett, however, lost not a moment in going to the rescue of the boy who had treated him so uncivilly. Throwing aside his jacket and vest, and pulling off his shoes, he drove into the lake and struck out for the spot where Morris disappeared from view. Fortunately the distance was not far, but even at that Henry was just going down for the third and last time when Dick reached him and caught him by the hair. Morris threw out his arms wildly and tried to grab Dick, but Barnett dexterously avoided his clutch, swam around and caught him from behind. After a great deal of trouble Dick managed to bring him up to the wharf, where the girls now stood watching his plucky exertions to save the drowning boy. Henry was unconscious by this time.

"Can you reach down, Nellie, and hold him by

the collar until I can get on the wharf?" asked Dick.

The girl managed to do it. Dick climbed out of the water and then caught Morris by the collar, relieving Miss Warren. Finding that he was not strong enough to pull the boy up on the wharf, Dick asked Nellie to run for one of the male servants. She started off and soon returned with the gardener. The man got hold of Morris and yanked him on the dock in short order. Then he and Dick turned the boy on his stomach and applied such remedies as circumstances enabled them to do. In a short time Morris was sufficiently recovered to be able to sit up and talk. He eyed Dick askance, and though seeing Barnett's drenched condition, he must have understood that the boy had jumped in the lake and saved his life, he made no effort to thank him.

"Do you want me to go home with you, Morris?" Dick asked him.

"No, I don't," he answered, churlishly.

He got on his feet, but it was easy to see he was in no condition to go home alone. Since he had declined to accept Dick's company, Nellie asked the gardener to go with him, and the man, supporting him with one arm, led him off.

"You must hasten to the house and change your clothes," said Nellie to Dick.

She forgot that the boy did not at present own a second suit. Dick, of course, did not remind her of the fact. He simply started for the carriage-house and hunted up the coachman. To him he explained how he had gone into the lake to save another boy's life, and asked him to help him out of his predicament. The coachman told him to undress and get into his bed on the second floor of the building, and that he would get him fresh underclothes from his room, and see about having his suit dried in the laundry. So the girls did not see anything more of Dick the rest of the afternoon. Morris went to bed when he got home after making a lame explanation to his mother. Dick went to work in the bank that day and took up his permanent abode at the Jordan cottage. On Friday night he attended Nellie Warren's party, given in his honor, and he was received with open arms in her set. Consequently he had a bang-up time, and didn't get home till two in the morning. A round of other parties were given after that, at which he loomed up as the bright particular star, but do what they would, the girls couldn't get him away from Nellie Warren. As time passed they grew more attached to each other, and though Mr. and Mrs. Warren noticed their growing affection, they offered no opposition, notwithstanding the fact that Dick was what might be called a poor boy. Eventually they reached a solution quite satisfactory to themselves, and received papa's and mamma's consent. At any rate, when Dick became paying teller of the Cobleskill Bank he and Nellie were married with all the stye of a White House wedding. To-day Dick is president of the bank, and probably the most important citizen of Cobleskill, and he has a growing family of fine looking boys and girls who are very proud of the fact that their father became famous at fourteen.

Next week's issue will contain "ALWAYS LUCKY; or, WINNING ON HIS MERITS."

CURRENT NEWS

ANCIENT ROME'S ELEVATORS

The ancient palaces of Rome show traces of elevators—vertical passages—the stones on the landings worn deep by the ropes which were used to hoist the primitive elevators of those days.

RABBIT KILLS BIG SNAKE

A rabbit killed a four-foot blacksnake the other morning near the home of W. R. Ward of Lyells, Va. The reptile had just swallowed one of the rabbit's offspring. After kicking the snake into unconsciousness, the rabbit finally killed it by gnawing two large places in its head.

ARSENIC SPRAY KILLS 17 COWS

Seventeen cows owned by John Grieff, a farmer, have died from arsenic poisoning. The cows strayed out of Grieff's pasture and crossed the Raritan River to the estate of James B. Duke, Somerville, N. J. The estate has been sprayed by the State Gypsy Moth Bureau and the grass was covered with the sprayed arsenic.

FRENCH HOUSES MADE OF STRAW

The straw used for dwelling construction in France is cut into fine fragments with revolving

knives, crushed on steel rollers and compressed in hydraulic presses into blocks eighteen inches wide and high, and as long as required. The blocks are used for walls, with a light framework of studs. The walls give the best of insulation against heat and cold, are only one-tenth as heavy as stone or brick, and the structures are said to cost only half as much as ordinary frame houses.

SOWING FROM AIRPLANE

It is proposed to use an airplane of the slow tractor type to sow grain at flying speed as the machine passes over the prepared ground. A system of parallel perforated metal tubes extend at short intervals from front to back of the lower wings. Out of the tubes the seed is forced by the air pressure created by the flight of the plane. It is calculated that in that way the grain can be shot out with force enough to bury it to the proper depth in loose soil. The machine will have apparatus for landing on plowed ground and will have a speed of perhaps forty miles an hour. It is intended for flight only a few feet above the ground.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Jack pointed to his left.

"Well, upon my word!" cried Arthur.

"Out with it! What do you see?"

"A man with a plug hat and things thrown over his shoulder walking with a cane."

"Come; that's certainly a relief. Did you notice him before I stopped?"

"No, nor then until you pointed."

"Hello! Hey! Hello over there!" yelled Jack, but the man, who was perhaps five hundred yards distant, trudged on, never even turning his head.

"Yell at him, Art," said Jack. "Your voice always carries farther than mine."

"Question is do we want him?"

"In the name of common humanity, yes. I have a suspicion that he may be what's-his-name—you know who I mean. The madman of Candalaria."

"P. Remington Glick. What a name! Here goes!"

The yell Arthur gave certainly should have been heard, but the pedestrian under the plug hat paid no heed.

"I'm going to head him off," declared Jack, and he started toward the man over ground as level as a floor and nearly as hard as one. In a moment they were up with him. It was easy to see as they drew near that the man was greatly fatigued.

He was tall, elderly and altogether the thinnest person the boys had even seen outside of a museum. His eyes were deeply sunken, his ears stood out like muffins, while the size of his nose was enormous.

He surely must have seen the cars, even if too deaf to hear them, for Jack ran in front of him and stopped. Over his back, attached to a strap, was a large water canteen and a heavy pack; yet the old man did not stoop under the weight. His black garments were old and rusty, the coat being buttoned up to the chin, while his battered plug looked as if it might have been fished out of some ash barrel. With eyes fixed on the ground he strode on, using the cane, which had a queerly carved handle, at every step.

"Good-afternoon, sir," said Jack, civilly.

No answer. The eyes were not even raised.

"There's something wrong with him, by thunder! Wait till he comes up. I'll find a way to make him speak," replied Jack.

On came the old man until he was close upon them, when he suddenly looked up and stopped.

"Good-day, sir," said Jack, with all politeness.

"Will you kindly get out of my way?" answered the man, in a harsh voice.

"I was going to offer you a lift," replied the astonished Jack.

"I want no lift until I am lifted on high," came the answer. "I turn neither to the right nor the left for any man, much less for a machine. Clear the road, please."

"Certainly, sir," said Jack. "May I ask if your name is Glick?"

"Yes, it is. P. Remington Glick. What's that to you? I don't owe you anything, do I? If I do I'll send you a check."

"Mr. Glick, isn't it rather a dangerous business walking alone in the desert?"

"None of your business!" he roared. "Will—
you—clear—the—track—and—let—me—go—
about—mine?"

Jack started ahead and stopped.

"If you need food or water we can help you out, Mr. Glick," he said.

No answer.

Using his cane, Mr. Remington Glick strode on over the desert looking neither to the right nor the left.

CHAPTER VI.

The Wrecking Of The Cars.

"Now what do you know about that?" cried Arthur.

"Case for the bughouse," replied Jack. "It seems almost murderous to let him go so."

"I know, but on the other hand he may be dangerous, Jack. I don't see how we can interfere with him."

Meanwhile Mr. P. Remington Glick was getting over the ground in the direction of the range at a more rapid pace than one might have imagined considering his age and the way he was loaded down.

"I suppose there's nothing to do but to let him have his own way," said Jack, and once more the boys drove their cars ahead.

Mr. Glick did not even raise his eyes as they flew past him.

The nearer they drew to the range the less resemblance the central peak came to bear a bishop's mitre until at last all trace disappeared. At half-past six the cars were rounded up at the foot of a towering cliff formed of the loose, disintegrated rock so common in these Nevada ranges.

"Here we go into camp," declared Jack. "Run up the tent, Art, while I see if there is such a thing as a bit of dry wood anywhere. Of course I don't expect to have the luck to find it, but at least I can make a try. What I want is to warm the soup if it's possible."

Jack had better luck than might have been expected, for in a ravine he struck a bunch of dead pinons and was able to come back with his arms filled with dry fagots with which he quickly started a cheerful blaze.

So the soup was warmed and hot coffee made. It grew deliciously cool when the sun went down. After supper the boys lighted their pipes and sat down for a good smoke and talk.

"How that cliff overhangs at the top," remarked Arthur. "Queer formation, is it not?"

"Very," answered Jack. "We are out of its range, though, if it should happen to fall."

(To be continued)

GOOD READING

FROG FARMING

From his backyard frog ranch near Oshkosh, Wis., Emil Neuenfeldt ships 2,000,000 frog legs a year. The frogs are kept in concrete trenches fifty feet long and six feet wide, in which are refrigerated pipes and running water. The cold water makes the frogs hibernate and silences the frog chorus. When an order is received the required number is scooped from a trench and the frogs are placed in a tank of water charged with electricity. This kills the frogs, straightens out their legs and makes amputation easy.

A SIGNAL RING FOR MOTORISTS

When you hold out your hand on a dark night, signalling that you are about to stop or make a turn, it is often doubtful whether or not your signal has been seen. A ring, carrying a ruby light, has been devised to overcome this difficulty. It is automatically turned on when the motorist extends his hand and goes off when the arm is withdrawn. A long flexible cord plugs into a socket on the instrument board or under the driver's seat to supply the current.

With this device installed the signals of the driver are certain to be observed by the car behind and the dangers of night driving reduced.

THE UNHAPPY REMAINS OF COLUMBUS

A report has been made to the War Department by the Receiver General of Dominion Customs, dealing with the remains of Columbus. A project is now on foot to erect a massive tomb in San Domingo City, somewhat modeled after the tomb of Napoleon in Paris and the exterior something like Grant's Tomb in New York. A beacon tower 300 feet in height is part of the plan. Unfortunately the bones of Columbus which were brought from Spain in 1540 were often opened for inspection to distinguished visitors. This should be stopped. It was that very fact which first suggested the idea that it should be the concern of Pan Americans, the peoples of the 21 republics occupying the territory of North and South America and Canada to provide a suitable memorial and final resting place for Columbus in the Cradle of America, as San Domingo is called.

WHAT THE ATOLLS ARE

It has been shown by the investigations conducted by scientific expeditions to the Pacific islands that there is a slow elevation going on there, which, by lifting the reefs gradually above the waves, preserves them from erosion at the top and enables vegetation and certain animal forms of terrestrial character to exist there.

This is in opposition to the old idea that the atolls were formed by the gradual subsidence of small islands, and that the coral insects built up encircling reefs as the islands sank.

Recent reports show that the elevation of the islands is a general phenomenon, but variable in amount, some islands rising rapidly and others very slowly.

Both the flora and the fauna of these islands are confined to a very few species, although seen from a distance some of them appear very rich in vegetation.

ALTITUDE AFFECTS HEALTH

Interesting observations have been made by Mr. G. I. Finch based upon his experiences in climbing Mount Everest. He carefully noted the effect of altitude upon his physical condition and took note of the exact altitude and how it affected him. He concludes that up to 21,000 feet the climber's physical functions were practically unimpaired and good sleep and recuperation from fatigue were possible, but at 23,000 feet sleep was fitful, appetite fell off and there was a general loss of physical fitness. The conclusion is that at approximately 21,000 feet acclimatization to altitude ceases and above that height oxygen should be used, at first in small doses, and from 26,000 feet in larger doses, but the dose must depend upon the nature of the ground.

He points out that oxygen increases the appetite and adequate provision must be made for this fact. The stimulating effect of cigarette smoke was noted at 25,500 feet. Although it is possible to climb to greater heights without the use of oxygen, Mr. Finch does not believe it wise.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

RADIO TELEPHONE SECRET

The first trial on a commercial basis of a radio telephone system insuring privacy to its users is being made at Catalina Island, thirty miles off the coast of California, on a yacht linking the island with Los Angeles.

The former radio apparatus has been replaced by a development of the Bell system engineers which prevents receiving sets in common use from picking up messages transmitted on this system. While the telephone is not absolutely secret it is more nearly so than any other tested to date and meets ordinary requirements.

NIGHT RANGE

The range of a radio transmitter is considerably greater at night than in the daytime. The ionization of the atmosphere due to sunlight or moonlight causes losses which prevent as great a range from being obtained as when this condition of ionization does not exist. Interposed metallic strength cause considerable loss in signal strength, and the nature of the intervening country has also a great effect. It has been experimentally determined that greater range for a given amount of power is obtained over water than over land.

WHAT THE TUBES ARE

The radiotron tubes now consist of the following: The UV-199 tube, the smallest member. The UV-200, which is a five-volt detector or "soft" tube, calling for critical adjustment of "B" battery potential, and requiring upwards of an ampere of filament current. The UV-201 is the running mate of the UV-200. However, it is a "hard" tube or amplifier tube, requiring 45 to 100 volts on the plate, and over one ampere at five volts in the filament. It is not critical. Then there is the UV-201-A, which is a combination detector and amplifier tube, operated with a filament voltage of five and a current consumption of 0.25 ampere. The UV-202 is a five-watt transmitting tube, also suitable as a power amplifier tube. The UV-203 is a 50-watt transmitting tube. The UV-204 is a 250-watt transmitting tube. The UV-206 is a one-kilowatt transmitting tube. The UV-208 is a five-kilowatt transmitting tube. The UV-207 is a 20-kilowatt transmitting tube of the new water-cooled tube; indeed, this tube is considerably smaller than the UV-207, although it has four times the capacity.

RADIO FROM THE ARCTIC

Captain Robert A. Bartlett has again heard the call of the Arctic and hopes to return to the frozen North at the head of a scientific expedition that will drift for three years, measure the flow of sea and air currents, dredge the bottom of the

ocean for flora and fauna and chart the floor of that vast sea.

Bartlett is the veteran of five expeditions, the most famous of which was Peary's successful dash when he accompanied the explorer to within 110 miles of the goal.

He has just come out of New Foundland, where he spent the worst winter in fifty-two years seal hunting. He sailed under his father, who is seventy-two. He is in New York now looking for backing for his proposed scientific expedition.

In talking of his plans, he said: "I want a small ship and a crew of about nine men who will also be scientific experts to carry out this work. We will take a radio along and report each day to the world the progress we have made. I'd rather command that ship than be master of the Leviathan."

"I don't expect to discover gold mines or anything of that sort. This expedition will also be the means of acquiring data which the world has been waiting for a long time. The weather along the Atlantic coast, in my opinion, is regulated by the ice cap. Last winter was the worst in years. The winds were northwest and the ice and wind diverted the Gulf Stream, forcing it eastward. The chill you felt here last month was partially due to that. There ought to be more radio stations in the Arctic to broadcast those weather conditions that influence our shipping and fishing."

Bartlett became the master of a sealer when he was seventeen and now holds both American and English master's tickets. Born in New Foundland in 1875, he became an American citizen fifteen years ago. His first Arctic expedition was in 1897-8 with Peary to Cape D'Urville, and what is of next greatest importance after the 1905-9 discovery expedition with him is the Canadian government Arctic Expedition under Stefansson, when the ship Karluk was lost off Wrangel Island. Bartlett crossed 500 miles of ice to Siberia with an Eskimo, got relief and returned to the island, and on September 12, 1914, reached Nome, Alaska, with the fourteen survivors who had spent the winter there. He has received many medals, including the Hubbard gold medal of the National Geographic Society.

His father, Captain William Bartlett, still is master of a sealing ship with a crew of 170 men.

RADIO AIRPLANE TRIP

Listening to a fox trot and other musical selections while soaring 5,000 feet above the earth, hearing the call from a ship at sea more than five hundred miles away and then the shrill voice of a woman announcing the next radio selection to be broadcasted from a Newark department store was a sensation quite out of the ordinary.

Often at home, in using a small crystal set, connected between a bed spring and a radiator in the bedroom, we have wondered at the mystery of the

ether waves, but it was far more amazing to hear selections carried on these same uncanny waves a mile up in the air.

This was a recent experience in a flight in a five-passenger Fokker monoplane, equipped by the General Electric Company with a radio set, from Curtis Field, Mineola, to Roosevelt Field, Albany, a distance of about 175 miles. On the trip were Lieut. B. W. Maynard, the "Flying Parson"; Mr. and Mrs. Schlafke, the aerial bride and groom who the day before had been married by Maynard in the same plane over New York City; E. W. Dannals, radio operator, and Bert Acosta, the pilot.

Soon after they left the field 300 feet of copper wire wound on a reel much the same as used by fishermen, was let out. This wire, weighted by a heavy lead sinker, passed out through the bottom of the plane and was used both as a sending aerial and receiving antenna. After bidding good-by to the radio operators at the field the plane headed north and took up a course to the east of the Hudson River.

For sending both radio telephone and radio telegraphy were utilized, the latter for keeping in touch with the army station at the flying field and the many amateur stations, and the telephone to send out a radio program and makes special calls to various stations, such as West Point, the Knickerbocker Press in Albany and WGY, the broadcasting station of the General Electric Company in Schenectady.

Near Tarrytown a woman's voice announced a fox trot to be played at a radio station in a store in Newark. Then came the music. Using a leather headpiece, which clamped receivers to both ears, all outside noise from the airplane motor was eliminated and the music came through just as well as in any land receiving set.

WJZ was heard and when near Hudson WGY began its program and this came in so loudly that all other stations were drowned out and the fliers could hear the music in their small cabin without putting the headpiece to their ears, a sensation somewhat of having a phonograph on the plane.

They had been in the air an hour and were near Matteawan, when it was announced that a message from the S. S. Aretania, then 500 miles east of Ambrose Lightship, was picked up.

PICTURES OF THE VOICE

It is possible to see your voice, or at least the oscillations caused by the voice vibrations when electrically transmitted. The story of the manner in which this has been accomplished is one of the romances of scientific achievement.

At first glance it probably will cause you to wonder why any one should wish to see the vibrations of his voice and what good cause would be served by making the vibrations visible. The answer to this question is a very simple one, and summed up is practically as follows:

If it is possible to show exactly what kind of vibrations various sounds produce it will then be possible to determine just what their effect in an electrical current will be. This is very important where such a sound as that of the letter "s" is concerned because of its confusion with the letter

"f" and also because it enables the scientists to work on the production of receiving apparatus that will give a truer reproduction of these difficult sounds.

It has been possible for some time to produce these vibrations by mechanico-electrical means used in conjunction with a projecting machine whereby the picture of the vibrations is reproduced on a screen, much in the manner of "movies." The trouble with this system, however, is that there is a considerable lag behind the voice, due to the inertia in the mechanical part of the apparatus.

The problem, therefore, was to produce an apparatus that had practically no inertia, and, as in many other kindred situations, the vacuum tube has filled the bill. In this case the vacuum tube is quite different in appearance to the ordinary tube, both in shape and construction, and it might better be termed an electric gun, because that is just exactly what it is. Moreover, it performs its functions of reproducing oscillatory pictures of sound and electrical vibrations with absolute fidelity and without inertia.

It is known scientifically as the Braun tube, named after the German scientist who first adapted it, but its real development has been made by Dr. J. B. Johnson, of the Bell laboratories, because it is he who has turned it into a really serviceable instrument.

It is a large, pear-shaped tube, about eight inches long and one inch in diameter at the socket, which gradually increases in diameter until at the other end it is about four inches across.

The end of the tube is covered with a fluorescent screen. A straight filament about one-quarter of an inch in length is used as a cathode, and four platinum plates set at right angles to each other guide the stream of electrons which this cathode emits and directs them upon the fluorescent screen.

When the audio-frequency or high-frequency currents are impressed upon the controlling steps they cause this stream of electrons which are fixed at a very fine point to move up and down this screen with extreme rapidity, corresponding exactly and with great precision to the fluctuations in the current caused by voice sounds or other vibrations.

It is possible to examine the fluctuations produced on the fluorescent screen very closely and to ascertain just exactly what kind of vibration each particular sound produces. In addition to this it is also possible to photograph these vibrations, so that a permanent record can be made of any particular sound that it is desired to study, and those would give actual pictures of the voice, which, of course, are extremely valuable in designing receiving apparatus for reproducing such sounds.

The tube is a very remarkable instrument—especially as it has now been developed. In addition to the manner in which it reproduces all sound variations visually it also reproduces, for instance, the curve of magnetic hysteresis, the curve being absolutely perfect and steady. This is also extremely valuable for engineering purposes.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CATTLE COIN COLLECTORS

Bullocks belonging to a butcher of Kent, England, have been engaging in coin collection, and their owner, according to the *London Referee*, continues to find old coins in the stomachs of bullocks slaughtered after grazing on the Sheppey Marshes. They are all ancient coins, and those obtained from different animals bear dates of 1795, 1674, 1806 and 1727.

29 VARIETIES OF PLUMS ON ONE TREE

Twenty-nine varieties of plums on one tree is the boast of John Heine, horticulturist of Davis fruit district. During the last two years twenty-nine branches of various varieties of plums were grafted onto a sturdy trunk of a John Lewis Chiles First Best plum tree. Every one of the branches are bearing fruit in abundance. The first plums ripen in early June and the last along in late September.

UNCLE SAM'S LARGEST PAYROLL

The United States employs 252,756 people in the regular post-office department, and 80,485 persons are indirectly connected with the big business of mail communication. It might be asked what the 80,485 persons do. These are clerks at third- and fourth-class offices, mail messengers, screen wagon contractors and employees, carriers for offices having special supply, clerks in charge of contract stations, star route contractors and steamboat contractors and their employees.

SQUIRRELS A NUISANCE IN TOWN

Gray squirrels, which were welcomed to the city ten years ago, have become such a nuisance in Eau Claire, Wis., that shooting in open violation of the city ordinance and the game laws is perplexing city authorities. It is against the law to use firearms in the city at any time and against the State Game Law to kill squirrels except between Oct. 15 and Jan. 1. The squirrels gnaw great stretches of shingles from roofs, destroy birds' eggs and young, and interfere with fruit crops. Just what is to be done to relieve the city of their ravages is being considered.

A NEW NATIONAL MONUMENT

President Harding's recent proclamation creating a national monument embracing the newly discovered Timpanogos Cave in American Fork Canyon, seven miles east of American Fork, Utah, marks a new step in public recognition and use of a region rich in natural beauty and attraction, says the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. Discovered in 1921, the cave was partially developed by officers of the Forest Service, but, as their explorations opened up new chambers and passages, the people of American Fork became interested and made available nearly \$2,000 to place substantial ladders and guard rails and to illuminate the cave by the installation of an electric lighting system. Last season the beauties of the cave were enjoyed by enthusiastic thousands, the daily attendance frequently ranging into the hundreds.

LAUGHS

Doctor—Your trouble, madam, seems to be due to an excess of adipose tissue. Patient—Gracious! I wonder if that's what makes me so awfully fat?

"Why, Willie," exclaimed mother, "you've been walking too fast for grandpa! You must remember he is very short of breath." "Short of breath, nothin'; he's been breathin' a lot more than I have."

Nervous Woman (to persistant beggar)—If I give you a piece of pudding you'll never return—will you? Beggar—Well, lady, you know your puddin' better than I do!

Mrs. Kindly—Fancy a big strapping fellow like you asking for money. You should be ashamed of yourself! Beggar—I am, ma'am. But once I got twelve months for taking it without asking.

The Angel (about to give beggar a penny)—Poor man! And are you married? Beggar—Pardon me, madam. D'ye think I'd be relyn' on total strangers for support if I had a wife?

"Dauber does very realistic work, doesn't he?" said one artist to another. "So much so," replied the other, "that those apples he painted six weeks ago are now said by the critics to be rotten."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy. "I would whip whoever broke it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son. "Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, "coz papa's broke it."

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

LONDONER LAUGHS TO DEATH

The metaphor "dying of laughter" was translated into fact in the case of the elderly Joseph Chatfield, who was so tickled at the drollery of a leading American movie comedian that he was unable to control his laughter and suddenly collapsed, dying in the arms of a woman sitting beside him in a cinema theatre in London.

Physicians said that Chatfield's heart had been ruptured.

1,600-POUND TUNA GIVES A HARD FIGHT

Several sailors employed by the Manasquan, N. J., Fishing Company were injured recently in a three-hour fight with two giant tuna fish offshore at Manasquan. One of the fish finally tore through the net and escaped. The other, lashed by ropes to the ship, whipped savagely at the fishermen with its tail and bruised several, but it was finally subdued and brought to shore. It weighed 1,600 pounds.

The men who had gone over the side to lash the tuna were taken aboard again by Capt. Henry Swensen, badly cut and bruised.

BULLET PIERCES HIS BODY

A man who had been shot through the body staggered into Police Headquarters, New York, the other morning and fell into the arms of Patrolman John Kramer, on duty in the hallway. Kramer sent for an ambulance, and the injured man, who said he is James Martina, thirty-one, a watchman, was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in a serious condition.

He said he went to a restaurant in Mulberry street, had something to eat, and was on his way home when, at Hester street, he felt a sharp pain in his side. He had heard no shot, according to his story, but began to bleed and walked to Headquarters. Examination showed the bullet entered his body near his heart and passed out of his back.

HICKORY SUPPLY AMPLE

Hickory is one of the best woods for automobile wheels and there is no danger of the exhaustion of hickory. So far as can be judged it will be one of the last woods of the country to fail to supply. Much is used for axe, hammer and similar toy handles and for vehicles, but it grows rapidly. It is peculiar among woods in that the faster it grows the better it is. Second growth—which is a fast growing hickory—is preferred for wheel making purposes. The wide rings of spring wood which are found in open ground hickory trees give a strength and toughness, exactly what is desired by makers of vehicle wheels. It is believed that it will be a long time in the future before automobile makers cannot get wood for wheels if they want it.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL TANK

Covering an area of twenty acres and with a capacity of 1,700,000 barrels, the world's largest oil storage tank is nearing completion at Wil-

mington, Cal. The concrete tank will rise only eight feet above the ground, half of it being below the surface. The roof will be supported by wooden poles set in concrete blocks in the bottom of the tank, also of concrete.

Despite the vast quantity of oil that will be held in the tank, the sides and bottom will be only four inches thick. This feature is made possible by the careful preparation of the earth under the tank, by the methods of reinforcing the concrete and by the nature of the concrete. All soil around the excavation for the tank within accurately determined distances is removed and repacked until it is much more dense than at first. This is accomplished by tractors treaded with iron attachments that resemble a sheep's hoof. The sides of the excavation are packed beyond the limits to which the side of the tank will extend. These sides are then cut through so that at all places the texture of the soil will be constant.

This mammoth tank is the only large concrete project of its kind built of poured concrete; usually they are constructed of steel.

CALIFORNIA'S "BIG TREES"

As the largest existing organism, the "Big Trees of California" occupy a place unique among the living things of the world, said Dr. H. A. Gleason, lecturing at the New York Botanical Garden. While they may be exceeded in height by some of Australia's gum trees, as they are exceeded in diameter by the chestnut trees of Sicily, in actual bulk, said the lecturer, they are far greater than either of these. Authenticated measurements show that California's big trees have reached a diameter of over 36 feet, heights of more than 350 feet and ages well over 3,000 years.

The big trees, known to the botanist as *Sequoia gigantea*, have had a long history. Far back in geologic times various species of *Sequoia* were scattered throughout the entire North Temperate Zone and their fossil remains have been discovered in New Jersey. They even extended south as far as Australia and Chile. For unknown reasons they have been unable to stand the vicissitudes of time, and now exist only in California, where one species, the redwood, is common along the coast from San Francisco northward; and the second is found in groves in the Sierra Mountains, mostly in parks set apart for their preservation. They are extremely resistant to fire and have no known fungus or insect enemies. They are frequently damaged but probably not killed by lightning, as a result of which the crowns of the older trees are usually very irregular. If it were not for the damage by lightning it is quite probable that they might exceed 400 feet in height.

Since they do not suffer from diseases and are not seriously injured either by fire or lightning, and since trees apparently do not die of old age, the usual cause of death among the big trees is by the undermining of the root system through the gradual removal of the soil by water.

Dr. Gleason is Assistant Director of the New York Botanical Garden.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

WHEN FAIRIES LIVED IN ENGLAND

Toward the end of Neolithic times a race of dwarfs, short of leg, but immensely strong in the arms, and very like in appearance to the picture of "brownies" and gnomes which are drawn today, appeared in the North of Scotland and the islands round that coast. They had come from Norway, crossing the North Sea in their kayaks.

Upon reaching these islands they were called Picts, or Pedigts, meaning dwarfs. The Picts lived in caverns underground, and their mysterious disappearance into the bowels of the earth gave them a supernatural reputation. They further enhanced this reputation because of certain lights from the openings of their subterranean dwellings. Many legends can be traced back to these lights. They were very active at night time. Small buildings would be erected as forts in the course of a single night, the stone being passed from hand to hand noiselessly.

WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS BEST A FAMOUS LION

Killing of the famous old White River mountain lion, one of the largest ever known in Arizona, and which had been particularly destructive to livestock, has brought to the archives of the Biological Survey a story of a feat as thrilling as any filmed in the movies.

Charley Miller, a co-operative hunter under the Department of Agriculture, with a pack of wire-haired terriers, trailed the animal to the cliffs near White River Crossing. There the lion tried to whip the little terriers as he many times before had beaten off packs of hounds. The terriers wouldn't yield and the animal took to a cave in the side of the cliff.

Repeated charging failed to frighten the terriers and the lion backed into the den. Miller, lowered over the side of the cliff and dangling from the end of a rope in front of the den, shot the lion, obtained the prey and was pulled safely to the top of the cliff.

WALKING FISH

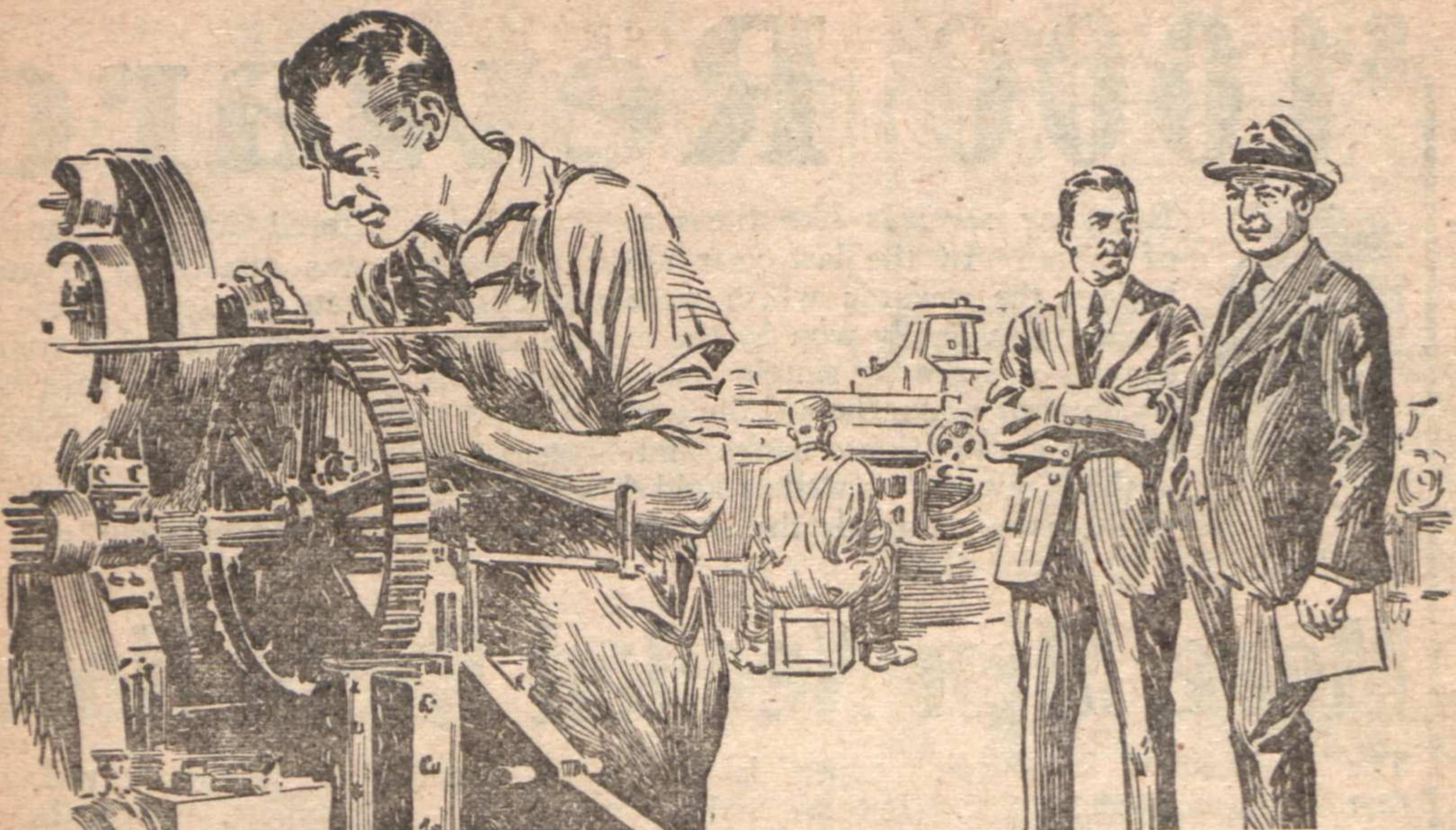
The "walking fish" is universally distributed over India. There are numerous species of these fish which are natives of the fresh waters of the East Indies and Africa, some of which attain a length of from two to four feet. They have a long subcylindrical body covered with small scales, a snake-like head shielded on top with large scales, and a long spineless dorsal fin. These remarkable fish breathe air by means of an air chamber developed over the gills, and they die if they breathe water too long. They live in holes in the banks of the rivers and pools and similar places and often burrow in the mud. The male constructs a nest in which the ova are deposited. They are able to survive droughts, living in semi-fluid mud lying torpid below the hard baked

crust of a tank or pool from which every drop of water has dried up. Respiration is probably suspended during this torpidity, but while the mud is still soft enough to let them come to the surface they rise at intervals to breathe air.

THE HOOKWORM

The success of the hookworm in the struggle for existence has been won at the expense of man and other animals, especially dogs and cats. The grown-up worms live in the human intestine, hanging on to its delicate walls each with his or her four hooks from which the family takes its name. The average family, not counting the offspring, consists of Mr. Hookworm and three wives. The offsprings are not counted because they are innumerable. In the descriptive language of the late Sir Patrick Mansen the female produces a prodigious and never-ending stream of eggs which pass out with the human dejecta and are disposed of with the sewerage. They are spread over the soil of countries like China, where there is no drainage system, and in other lands where the system of disposal is more or less primitive there are always millions near the surface of the land. It has been shown that when buried under two feet of sand the eggs can still hatch into larvae and burrow their way to the surface. The baby hookworm is only one-fifth of a millimetre long, whereas his parents measure fifty times that length. But he grows up to be half a millimetre and is very hardy. Even after eighteen months he may still be alive and ready to enter a human host. Even after sunshine and frost many little larvae will survive. Like the typhoid bacillus he can find his way inside from dirty hands on the food that they handle or in impure drinking water, but unlike this bacillus he can also work his way through the skin. In the end he always arrives at the same place, the human intestine, and proceeds to gorge himself with human blood. As he grows he develops a special poison which prevents the blood from coagulating. This makes it easier for him to feed and incidentally is worse for his host, for when the worm moves on to new pasture the old wounds continue for some little time to ooze blood. No wonder the victims looks pale, feel lazy, and are stunted in growth and intelligence.

The man, woman or child rarely dies of this complaint directly, though death in some few cases may follow before many months. More often a lifeless existence is droned away until some other disease comes to end the sickness. If death were quicker and more dramatic it is certain that hookworm disease would rank in the public imagination with tuberculosis and cancer as one of the great curses of humanity. As it is, there are few who have heard that more than half of the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India are suffering to-day from this disease, that in the mines of China the Rockefeller Commission has found an infection rate of about 90 per cent!'



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FUNNY thing, too . . . When he first came here he was just an ordinary worker. For a time, when things were slack, I even thought that we might have to let him go.

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"One day he came into my office and said he had worked out a new arm for the automatic feeder. I was a little skeptical at first, but when he started explaining to me, I could see that he had really discovered something. And when I started questioning him, I was amazed. He certainly did know what he was talking about.

"So we sat down and talked for over an hour. Finally, I asked him where he had learned so much about his work. He smiled and took a little book from his pocket.

"There's no secret about it," he said. "The answer's right here. Four months ago I saw one of those advertisements of the International Correspondence Schools. I had been seeing them for years, but this time something inside of

me said, *Send in that coupon*. It was the best move I ever made—I knew it the minute I started my first lesson. Before, I had been working in a sort of mental fog—just an automatic part of the machine in front of me. But the I. C. S. taught me to really understand what I was doing."

"Well, that was just a start. Three times since he has come to me with improvements on our machines—improvements that are being adopted in other plants and on which he receives a royalty. He is certainly a splendid example of the practical value and thoroughness of I. C. S. training."

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The professional finger-print expert is always in demand. It is the trained man that is always sought for. Let me make you a finger-print expert. Then the position will be looking for you instead of you looking for a position. We have so many positions waiting to be filled right now that we are guaranteeing to place every man as soon as he is finished with our course. And we are backing this remarkable offer up with a \$1,000 bank guarantee deposited with the Phillip State Bank of Chicago.

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That is all the time necessary. Just 30 minutes a day for a few months. The training you get has been prepared by a finger-print expert, who knows just what is required. You need not give up your present occupation while you are studying this fascinating work. And just think of it. You have a position waiting for you.

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A BOW-FACING OAR

An oar has been devised by Alton J. Wiltrot of Warsaw, Ind., which permits the person who is rowing in a boat to sit facing the direction in which he is going. Such oars are particularly useful when the boat is used for fishing purposes, as it enables the person at the oars to steer with accuracy at a critical moment while the angler is playing the fish. Each oar is made in two sections and these are operatively connected by metal straps and a pivot bolt mounted in a roller bearing. Each section of the oar is operatively mounted on bars that are supported from the sides of the boat. The bar which supports the inboard part of the oar is in practically V-shaped form and is supported at both ends, while the bar on which the out-board section of the oar is mounted is supported only at its inner end, but is partially supported by extending across the sides of the boat on which it rests. When these oars are not in use they may be folded so as to lie entirely with the boat and may be folded into a shorter length than the ordinary oar for purposes of transportation.

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